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NOVEMBER 1945

The American Mercury

AMERICA NEEDS A STRONG ENGLAND *Norman Angell*

THE FATE OF WARTIME MARRIAGES *Samuel Tenenbaum*

SUMNER WELLES: DIPLOMAT DE LUXE *Fred Rodell*

WHAT DOCTORS KNOW ABOUT HEADACHE *Dr. R. H. Feldt*

GENERAL DE GAULLE

by Henry C. Wolfe

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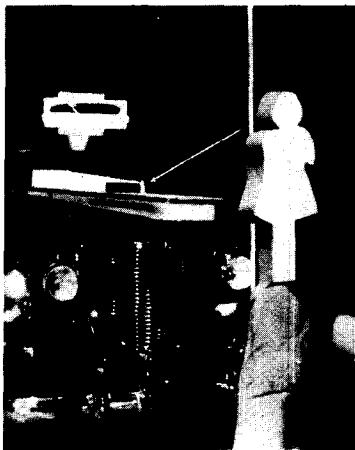


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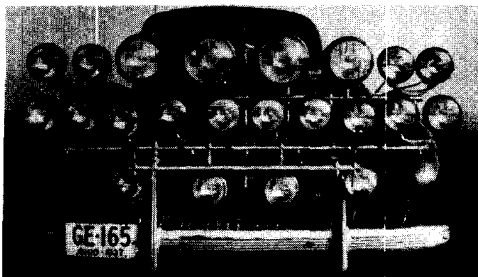
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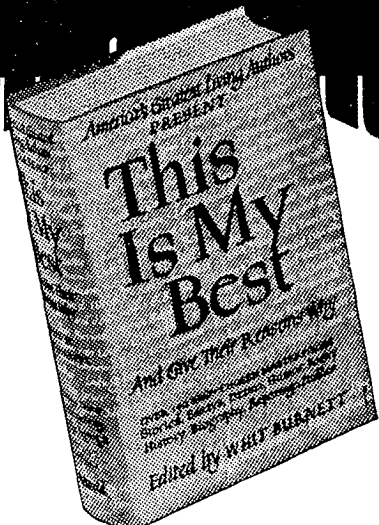
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SIXTY MILLION JOBS, by Henry Wallace. \$1.00 (paper-bound). *Simon & Schuster*. \$2.00 (cloth-bound). *Reynal & Hitchcock*. This is a timely statement of an eminent public official's economic creed, heavily buttressed with pictorial statistics. He points out that we had 47 million jobs in 1940, with a national production of about 120 billions. Under the lash of war we jumped in 1944 to almost 200 billions in production and more than 62 million jobs. But we have also jumped in industrial efficiency so rapidly that if we were to go back to 1940's production total, there would be 19 million people unemployed. The only way we can make jobs for 60 million workers, says Mr. Wallace, is to set our production goal high enough to absorb these 19 million people. He suggests 200 billion as a feasible goal. He proposes 4 million jobs in housing, new TVAs for cheap power, rural electrification and forest development. He would have private enterprise undertake more than 90 per cent of all economic development, with the Government as reserve promoter. Mr. Wallace has written a challenging and readable introduction to his subject, but when he comes to detail the method by which the Government would lift production to the 200 billion mark if private enterprise failed to reach the goal, his discussion grows thin. It is difficult to see how our Government can develop substitute production on a major scale without more control over investment and prices than Mr. Wallace is willing to endorse.

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(Continued on page 638)

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AMERICA NEEDS A STRONG ENGLAND

BY NORMAN ANGELL

TO WHAT extent will the maintenance of both peace and freedom in the postwar world depend upon the close and reliable co-operation of the United States with Britain and the other members of the British Commonwealth? How can the two nations avoid, in the postwar years, those divergencies of political and economic policies which marked the years between the close of the first World War and the opening of the second?

We know now that the postwar world will possess instruments of war like the atomic bomb, wherewith a New York or a Chicago could in an hour be reduced to a cinder heap as surely as Hiroshima and Nagasaki were reduced; that it will be a world in which a war that began with a Pearl

Harbor attack would end with it, since the first blow would probably be the last. Our problem will be not merely to prevent that result, but to prevent it without submission to blackmail, the blackmail perhaps of non-democratic powers encouraged, it might be, to make unacceptable demands because the democracies (who are as yet, it should be remembered, only a tiny minority of the world's total population) had weakened themselves by division, or a lack of constructive cohesion and co-operation. That, after all, is the story of two World Wars.

Already serious rifts have appeared in the relations of the United States and Britain. Britain, a small overcrowded island whose population is dependent for any good standard of

SIR NORMAN ANGELL, winner of the Nobel Peace Prize in 1933, has written extensively on international affairs. He is the author of more than a dozen books—among them, *The Great Illusion*, *The Story of Money* and *Let the People Know*.

life upon foreign trade, finds herself utterly exhausted and needs help to get on her feet once more. That help can come only from America. But Britain has just had an election which has put a Labor-Socialist government in power, and great sections of American public opinion — many heretofore friendly to Great Britain — are asking why the United States, wedded to free enterprise and capitalist organization, should in any way help a Socialism hostile, it is alleged, to "the American way of life." Mr. Mark Sullivan, who has been notably friendly to Great Britain ever since the war began, is typical of very many when he writes: "In the world as a whole Socialism and free enterprise are in competition, with America as the champion of free enterprise. Certainly we are not called upon to extend competing Socialism." His point has been made in varying forms repeatedly of late in a majority of American newspapers; in some of them (as in the Hearst, Patterson or McCormick organs) with bitterness, violence and anger.

II

I suggest that the position so taken is based on a serious misreading of what has actually taken place in Britain, a misunderstanding of the nature of America's interest in the maintenance of Britain's position and an all but complete disregard of the reasons which have compelled the United States, twice in a quarter of a century,

to support Britain's position in a world war. They are misunderstandings which, unless cleared up, may have disastrous consequences, alike for the security of the United States, Britain and the peace of the whole world.

As to the facts of the recent election. There has, first of all, been no "revolution" in Britain, in the sense of an immense turnover of votes or revolutionary change of attitude on the part of the British people. The simple and undeniable figures of the election make this abundantly clear. The Socialism of the new Labor government will not differ in kind but only in degree and pace from that which we have known in the past, not alone in Britain but in such British communities as Australia and New Zealand, which have also had "Socialist" governments and — particularly in the case of New Zealand — carried socializing experiments very far indeed.

Second, these systems need in no way come into conflict with the free enterprise system of the United States, a system itself already modified by the piecemeal collectivism and social security methods which have marked the English system.

Third, the methods of the new government will quite certainly be evolutionary, not revolutionary; by consent not coercion, by trial and error, eclectic. In other words, they will be democratic, preserving the political freedoms, with the opposition, headed by Churchill, playing a

large part, though a negative one, in shaping future policy. In the very nature of things such a Socialism cannot be for export except as it works so well in practice that others may want to adopt it.

Fourth, and most important of all, the fundamental reasons for giving economic aid to Britain are political. America needs, for her own security and world peace, the kind of "base" or fortress which Britain and British-held strong points and British Dominions like Australia have already proved to be in two World Wars waged by America to preserve her freedom and her soil from the scourge of invasion.

III

Let us examine the recent election in greater detail. In all the many comments on the election which I have read or listened to, on only one occasion have I seen or heard reference to the obviously important fact that in the election more votes were cast against the Labor government than for it.

The Labor Party obtained slightly under twelve million votes; the parties opposed to Labor slightly over twelve and a quarter million. Yet Labor obtained 388 seats and non-Labor 220. If the three main Parties — Labor, Liberal and Conservative — had obtained parliamentary representation in proportion to voting strength, Labor would have obtained 299 seats and the Conservatives and Liberals

305. But even that does not tell the whole story. The Liberals, who do not accept the Socialism of the Labor Party, had only about three hundred candidates for the six hundred odd constituencies. If they had had six hundred candidates, the Liberal vote would obviously have been much higher, probably somewhere in the neighborhood of four million votes instead of the two and a quarter million which they polled. Four million votes under the proportional representation system would have been equivalent to nearly a hundred members of Parliament. Actually the Liberals have eleven members.

These facts are not mentioned to suggest that the system which gave to a minority of the electorate an overwhelming parliamentary majority is necessarily disastrous or unjust. Proportional representation, whatever its virtues, might have created a parliamentary situation which would have proved unworkable. Churchill could not have carried on a government with a majority of half a dozen or a dozen; and if there had been a hundred Liberal members, they would have held the balance of power, and decisions would frequently have been determined by a quite small minority.

The parliamentary result is a rough and ready means of determining which party shall have the responsibility of government. It is less important, in devising, say, a traffic code to determine whether it is theoretically better to drive to the left as in England, or to the right as in America,

than it is to ensure that having settled on one or the other the rule should be unanimously obeyed. The turnover of votes in England, though numerically small, did represent a change of mood and feeling, which those responsible for the turnover might perhaps express in some such way as this: "The old lot have become stale. Turn 'em out and give the other fellows a chance." To give them that chance a sound working majority in the House of Commons is indispensable. The "illogical" method which turns a tiny electoral majority (or even none at all) into a big parliamentary majority makes one side or the other definitely responsible, and is therefore practical and workable, and therefore favored by the English, who do not care much for theoretical symmetry or perfection.

IV

In forecasting the probable course of a British Socialist government in Britain, the British constitutional system has to be taken into account. On the morrow of the election some American commentators were disposed to charge the British with ingratitude in not having "re-elected" Churchill, apparently under the impression that it was possible under the British system to have a Tory Prime Minister without a Tory Parliament, much as a President can be elected under the American system irrespective of the composition of Congress. But a British Prime Minister and his

cabinet have to carry Parliament with them at every step. The cabinet is responsible to Parliament, and must justify their stewardship thereto every day. The House of Commons can turn a government out from one day to another. It is impossible, therefore, for the Prime Minister to be of one political doctrine and Parliament predominantly of another.

But if the British system has the disadvantage that you cannot separate a Prime Minister from the party he leads, as in some measure an American President can be separated, it has the immense advantage that when a man like Churchill ceases to be Prime Minister he does not cease to exercise direct political influence, to have a place in the national political life. As leader of the opposition, he is still playing a great part in government, in the sense of being able to slow up the march along one road and to accelerate that along another.

Such a situation obviously bears upon the kind of Socialism which we are likely to see developed under the Labor government. Leaders of the Labor Party have already been careful to explain that the Party is Socialist and not Communist; that if it is revolution (the word is misleading in this context), it is revolution by consent; by constitutional processes, by free and secret ballot. Attlee will not set up any concentration camps for his colleagues of yesterday and his opponents of today. On the contrary, the political opposition will be active and powerful, constant in criticism.

Not only is the new government no dictatorship by the proletariat; it is not even a government by the proletariat. Attlee himself is the wearer of an "old school tie," a graduate of Oxford, a lawyer, one of the typical professional men from whom for a hundred years the Parliaments and governments of England have been mainly drawn. (Since, that is, the Whig victory and Reform Bill of 1832.) The Labor government, in other words, is the outcome of no class war, but of class amalgamation and co-operation. The very classes which in the Russian revolution — and in the changes brought about by Russian influence in Lithuania, Estonia, Latvia, Poland, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, Roumania, Hungary — were so largely and so ruthlessly liquidated, are precisely the classes to which the British Labor Party owes its recent electoral success.

V

The truth is that the Socialism of the Labor Party is a development along Fabian lines of the socialization which began with the social services initiated by the Liberal but non-Socialist Lloyd George back in 1911 and developed by the Liberal and non-Labor William Beveridge. Two World Wars have had the effect of immensely accelerating the process of socialization. At the beginning of the present war all property and all persons were placed under the control of government, "government" here happening to be

Ernest Bevin, the Labor Boss, creator and master of the big Transport and General Workers Union. Under the authority given him, he could order any able-bodied man or woman into any form of work he deemed necessary. If Bevin, through his office, decided that the Duchess had better go help with the harvest, or run a lathe, into the harvest field or factory, as the case might be, she went. As to the owner of the factory his war profits were taxed 100 per cent; his income, if large, up to 98 per cent. (There are not a hundred people in Britain today who have an income in excess of \$20,000 when the tax gatherer is through with them.)

The big country house was requisitioned for a hospital or the blitzed children from London, its owner and his family taking up their life in the gatekeeper's lodge. That phase of English life which you may still see in films like *The White Cliffs of Dover*, the life of the opulent country house, or the town house of powdered footmen, had come to an end. The few country-house owners that maintain their old estates do so on capital, which the next death duty will bring to an end. An era has passed.

But the point is that it had passed before the coming of the Labor government, that the real revolution had been carried out by a government with a large conservative majority behind it who were supposed to stand for the permanence of the very things they abolished. The revolution which we did not hear about until the publi-

cation of the election results had already taken place, and it was a revolution by the consent of those against whom it was directed — brought about by parliamentary and democratic processes.

Nor was it the election of 1945 which brought the middle classes to power in Britain, as one American commentator suggests; or put them on the radical side, as another does. Not only have the middle classes been dominant since the Reform Bill of the early nineteenth century; they were the backbone of the Cromwellian and Puritan movement (made up so largely of artisans and tradesmen) which abolished a king three hundred years ago. (They had even their Communist element in the Levellers.)

Americans have always perhaps tended to underestimate the reforming, radical element in English political thought and society. When Tom Paine is described as "the Godfather of the American Revolution," who was so much too radical for many of the partisans of the Revolution, it is sometimes overlooked that he was an Englishman of the working classes who never saw America till he was of middle age. Where did he get all that radicalism, and the power to express it, if not from ideas current among the English masses?

But it is also interesting to note that Paine, when he went to Paris, was thrown into jail by the French revolutionaries, as being "reactionary" (in part because he opposed the execution of the king), becoming the victim

of a violently anti-Royalist revolution which ended up with Napoleon. Obviously the general pattern of "revolution" in England, distinguishing it from the continental patterns, has been constant for a very long time; and is not likely to be greatly different in the immediate future, despite the language of certain intellectuals of the Left whose "revolutionary" pronouncements have been disavowed alike by Attlee and by Bevin. It will be noted that this language comes from those who do not have the responsibility of government.

VI

Nevertheless, doubts and questions still remain. Why, ask a good many, should the United States help restore a potential commercial rival? The country is willing on humanitarian grounds to help restore a badly stricken ally, but — so the argument runs — there are many nations whose material conditions are even worse than those of Britain, hard as British conditions are. Why put Britain in any special category?

First of all, because history, the economic developments of a hundred and fifty years, have put her in a special position. She is the least self-sufficient country in the world. She has living on her soil about twice as many people as that soil can properly support from its own resources of food and raw material — a very different position from that of, say, Russia (which is potentially the most self-

sufficient country in the world) or even France, or any country of the Western hemisphere. If the children of Britain are not to perish from sheer hunger and cold in the ruined houses of her blitzed towns, she must do in the future what she has done in the past to an even greater degree: pay for the food and raw materials her soil cannot produce by the export of goods and services, by sending manufactures all over the world, by a carrying trade, by developing railways, street-car systems, telephone systems in South America, Africa, India, Asia; by doing insurance and banking business in those countries.

The war has seen the system by which Britain lived utterly smashed. In order to keep her war going for six years she stopped manufacturing for export and made munitions instead; the "carrying trade" meant carrying soldiers to Egypt or Burma, or munitions to Murmansk. The investments of past generations, interest on which had provided frozen meat and bananas and other foods, were sold and Britain changed over from being a creditor to becoming a debtor with a vast load of debt.

The first problem of all, therefore, which faces Britain is to re-establish that prewar system. If Socialism can help to do it, can help to sell ten thousand different articles in ten thousand different places scattered over the world, at the right time and at the right price; if it can help build railways or power stations in Africa or Asia or the East; find cargoes for

unemployed shipping in the seven seas; recover Britain's foreign insurance and banking business, so that once more the frozen meat and the bananas and the rest of it can flow into British cities — then Socialism will be accepted by the British people. If not, not.

But this is to be noted: British policy must always take account of the interests, and so the policies, of other countries, since the things indispensable for the life of its people are not within the control of the British government. This again differentiates the position of Britain from, say, that of Russia. The Russian government can bring within its own control all the materials necessary for the life of the Russian people and be independent of the rest of the world. No British government, Socialist or Conservative, can possess such power. It will always have to bargain with other countries, about trade, tariffs, currencies. The British economy is incurably international. Russia's can be, and in fact has been, almost entirely national.

Nor is Britain's lack of self-sufficiency remedied by her "possession" of the Empire. The countries which make up the Commonwealth and Empire — Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, India — have complete fiscal independence. They make their own tariffs (as does India, though not yet a Dominion), and have their own immigration regulations. Arrangements like those made at Ottawa are not imposed by the

Parliament or government of Britain but are bargains between fiscally independent states, arrived at by give and take. The currency arrangements of the Sterling Bloc include several countries which are not in the Empire or Commonwealth at all. It is necessary to keep this in mind because it is sometimes said that if Britain can no longer feed her forty-five million, then she should send them to the Dominions. But Britain can no more over-ride the immigration laws of Canada or Australia or New Zealand than she can those of the United States.

VII

It seems generally taken for granted that America's interest in the restoration of Britain's position is primarily and mainly economic, resting on the fact that full employment in the United States and healthy economic conditions generally, demand the restoration of international trade wherein Britain occupies a key position. Britain, the Commonwealth and Empire, are far and away America's best customers. (One Dominion, Canada, with a population of twelve million, buys in normal years about ten times as much from the United States as does China with its population of four hundred million.) The loss of the British market, or a great proportion of it, owing to the fact that the country was too poverty-stricken to buy much abroad, would go far to disorganize the American economy, especially in the South

that has sold its cotton and tobacco in the past so largely to Britain, and it would make America's problems of reconstruction, reconversion, and the prevention of another depression with massive unemployment, immensely more difficult of solution.

Incidentally, a return of depression and unemployment in America would be certain to set up demands for precisely the kind of socializing measures which the British Labor government are now proposing. Socialism and even Communism flourish best in bad economic conditions. That truth renders inoperative a form of pressure upon Britain which, it is sometimes suggested, America would be justified in exercising: "If you want American help, quit Socialism." But it is obvious that Britain is in a position to trump that card; to point out, that is, that if no adequate help is forthcoming Britain will be forced, by sheer physical need, into a Socialism or Communism of a very severe and ruthless type. To the extent to which food, clothing, shelter become scarce, they will have to be rigidly controlled, rationed, doled out by government imposing the strictest regimentation. Just as in wartime. The imposition of "economic sanctions" of that kind would thus bring about the very condition they aimed at preventing.

But great as is the economic interest of the United States in extending such aid as will enable Britain to maintain her position in the world, the economic interest is not the fundamental and vital one. If Britain were sunk

beneath the ocean, or blown to extinction with a few dozen atomic bombs, the purely economic results would not in the long run affect vitally the standard of life in the United States. The industrial and human capacity of this country, exploiting the resources of a hemisphere which stretches from the North Pole to the South would — after serious temporary dislocations, it is true — enable the American population to maintain a standard of life not much lower than that to which it has become accustomed. Until we — British, even more than Americans, perhaps — admit and face this fact, the whole discussion will be overlaid by unreality and confusion. The United States has reasons far more vital and fundamental than a 5 or 10 per cent increase of national income for helping Britain once more to get fully on her feet. It is a reason which two World Wars should have made perfectly clear, but do not seem to have done.

VIII

Why has the United States twice within a quarter of a century gone to war on Britain's side? And before doing so, given military and political aid? There were all sorts of historical and sentimental reasons why America should have done nothing of the kind, but should rather have favored the enemies of Britain, among whom the United States has been included twice. At the close of the first World War the feeling was very general in the United

States that the country should never have gone into the war at all, a view which found expression in the Neutrality Act whose provisions were explicitly designed to make it impossible for America to do the very things she was shortly to do, to aid one side against another in Europe. And that the British side. Why, once more, the British side?

Surely that is answered if we look at the simplest facts of the war itself. Suppose, after the fall of France, and while Russia was still neutral, in some sort of quasi-alliance with Hitler, Britain had argued that she had simply not the strength to go on, and that, like France, she would have to make the best bargain she could with Hitler.

Consider what that would have meant. The whole of Europe with its four hundred million people and its vast industrial resources (at that time practically untouched by bombing) would have passed under Hitler's control, with no core or center of resistance (such as Britain quickly became) remaining. The naval harbors of the British Isles (and Ireland) would of course have been in his hands, and the battle of the Atlantic (at times so nearly lost even with Britain standing up) would have gone to Hitler. But very much more. Gibraltar, Malta, the Near East (including Palestine), Egypt and the rest of Africa, the Suez Canal, all would have gone. This would have meant complete junction of Germany with Japan in the Indian Ocean, the fall of India, its occupation by German and Japanese forces, at

least to the degree to which China had been the victim of Japanese invasion. Australia could not have stood up and would have shared the fate of the Philippines. There can be no doubt whatever that something very like this would have happened if Britain in 1940 had been obliged to follow France into surrender.

At that period — a year and a half before Pearl Harbor — America had hardly begun the task of building up her forces. When American power did begin to grow, how was it applied to the task of defeating the Axis, Germany in Europe and Japan in Asia? To operate against the Fortress of Europe, America had to use a base called Britain, and to get at the enemy in Asia a base called Australia, and another, India. But those bases were available only because Britain did not surrender when France fell in 1940. No one can say for certain that if none of these bases had been available for this country (but had been for the enemy), the United States would have been unable to assemble her power against a Europe in German hands, and an Asia (including India) in German-Japanese hands. But we can say quite positively that if those bases had not been in our hands and had been in enemy hands, the task of victory would have been immensely more costly for this country, and would have taken much more time.

Countless American lives and wealth have been saved because there was a strong Britain and a united Commonwealth and Empire. Britain stood up

for her own purposes, her own survival. Those purposes and that survival happen to aid the purposes of America and American survival. It is not, therefore, a question of whether or not America owes a "debt" to Britain, but whether the maintenance of a strong and healthy Britain happens to be a vital American interest. The experience of two World Wars shows clearly that it is; that the two countries and the two political systems (the British Commonwealth system, which is an unwritten agreement for mutual defense, encircles the globe) need each other. The recognition of that mutual need for survival purposes is the true basis of future co-operation.

The coming of the atomic bomb may of course transform the whole strategic problem of defense. But we do not yet know — cannot know — in what way; nor how the use of the bomb can be controlled. Meanwhile it is quite clear that the United States means to preserve its relative power. We know that for the immediate future, at least, it intends to maintain conscription, to possess the greatest navy in the world, to find bases for its effective operation, and the operation of its air forces. There are heated discussions about the need of islands in the Pacific or in the West Indies. But, again, the two islands which have proved their complete indispensability for the defense of the United States are Britain on one side of the world — the headquarters of Eisenhower — and Australia on the other side, the headquarters of MacArthur.

To disregard the strategic worth of those two islands while making a great song and dance about atolls in the Pacific or West Indian leases is certainly to get things out of perspective.

We shall not promote a greater unity among the nations which are to compose the new international organization begun at San Francisco by tearing to pieces such integration as we have, or undermining the understandings which we have already achieved. It will not help agreement with Russia for Britain and America to disagree. Rather would that make Russian agreement more difficult and more remote.

Most of the constituent nations of the new organization have never known democracy — which is an extremely difficult political method to work. In subscribing to the Charter, while taking radical measures to preserve its own power, the United States has doubtless acted on the assumption that even in a world parliament those who have power will be listened to more attentively than those who have not. (The phenomenon is not unknown in national parliaments.) There are only two democratic powers in the world today: the United States and the British Commonwealth. There are other democracies: Switzerland, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland, but they do not happen to be great powers. There are other great powers — Russia today, China and India perhaps tomorrow, but they are not yet democracies, though we hope

they may be one day. If democracy is to possess power at all equal to that possessed by nations not yet democratic, Britain must recover something of her old imperial position.

It is not enough that war between Britain and the United States should have become “unthinkable” — as it has. The second World War came, partly at least because, though the United States and Britain had passed out of the stage of development in which war between them was possible, they had not yet entered the stage of understanding in which constructive and active co-operation for the prevention of war was practical politics. At the close of the first World War, in 1919, Clemenceau made it plain that if the United States and Britain, the only countries then in the world who could do it, would jointly give France a guarantee against future German attack, a second World War would be prevented. If not, not. Joint action, which alone could do the trick (again as Clemenceau made clear) was prevented by a public opinion which on both sides became embittered about extraneous matters — debts, “who won the war,” Uncle Shylock, Uncle Sap, Britain’s Six League Votes, Ireland, India, Imperialism, Naval Competition. All this stood in the way of a common policy and pooling of power which, by steps even as simple as the one urged by Clemenceau, might have prevented this worst of all wars.

Let us not find ourselves similarly guilty once again.

THE FATE OF WARTIME MARRIAGES

BY SAMUEL TENENBAUM

MARRIAGE, no doubt, is here to stay — but unless precedents, authorities and present portents are utterly deceiving, it is headed for some of the bumpiest weather in its age-old existence. The late Dr. Willard Waller of Columbia University, an authority on marital and family problems, estimated shortly before his death that two-thirds of this country's "war marriages" were doomed to break up. What is more, he predicted, the national divorce rate in the early postwar years will run as high as 38 out of every 100 marriages. And Dr. David Seabury has come up with the finding that only 5 per cent of such alliances contracted during the first World War could be described as happy marriages.

From news reports, private letters, informal surveys and court records, it is clear that the trend of events in marital relations is following the predicted course. An American soldier with a wife at home begets triplets with an English barmaid. In Berlin, the church wedding of a Chicago army captain and a Wac, which was

to have followed the civil rites in the captured capital, is halted by a cable from an indignant woman with two children who claims the captain as her husband. In one army division, stationed in Europe, an average of five soldiers daily receive word that their wives want to break marital ties or are carrying on affairs, and another division has a "broken hearts club" for men whose wives have jilted them. Incensed by the increasing number of infidelity cases brought by returning servicemen, a state's attorney in Illinois has announced that he will vigorously prosecute wives and husbands charged with adultery.

In any consideration of this wave of marital instability a distinction must be made, of course, between marriages that merely happened to take place during, or immediately preceding, the war and "war marriages," i.e., those motivated directly by the war. Obviously a couple united on a basis of affection, common interest and an understanding of each other derived from more than a weekend's acquaintance have a fair prospect of success

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regardless of when the ceremony is performed. The problem lies in those unions which swell the statistical totals as the war clouds gather. And they are no insignificant percentage.

In 1939 we had 1,375,000 marriages. 1940 saw a jump to 1,565,000. During the discussion and passage of the Selective Service Act in August, September and October of that year, marriages in twenty-six states rose 25 per cent over the same three months of 1939. In New York, August weddings doubled those of the preceding year. And that was only the beginning. The attack on Pearl Harbor set off a frenzied rush to the altar. Figures for Seattle, Washington, showed a 290 per cent gain over 1940 and New York chalked up an 80 per cent increase. An all-time matrimonial high for the United States was reached in 1942, with 1,758,000 marriages performed — 13.2 per 1,000 population.

II

Reasons for the prewar marriage boom are not hard to appreciate. In nearly all countries war preparations create prosperous business conditions, and marriages are correlated with the business cycle. When times are bad, Cupid has hard sledding. In 1932, for example, there were only 981,903 marriages, while the post-depression year of 1937 recorded 1,438,000. (Incidentally, divorces are negatively correlated with upward trade swings; that is, when business is bad, couples stay

together. They need security and they fear new ventures. When business booms, so do divorce courts, both husband and wife apparently willing to risk new adventures.)

Second, war induces wide shifts of population. Young people leave their homes for strange cities and form new attachments. Spurred by loneliness, boys and girls discover that they need each other, and disproportionate gains in marriage are reported from many mushrooming defense towns. Then there are the necessarily undetermined number of men who, either on the pleas of their parents or out of their own fears, crassly take to marriage as a possible hedge against war service.

With the coming of war itself a new and strange psychology grips the country. Established customs, mores and values are thrown overboard. As men are called to the colors, homes are broken. A sense of tension, strain and unrest engenders a new mental outlook. The tendency is to live for today, and everybody acts as if he were participating in a giant masquerade. Placing a premium on excitement and adventure, war creates a pathological interest in sex. Vice increases, gambling flourishes, cabarets and night clubs are jam-packed. Men and women — and even teen-agers — develop a “last-thing” psychology. In New York City venereal disease made its greatest gains among the fifteen-to-nineteen-year-old group, and in one Western city the average age of delinquent girls dropped from seventeen to a point between thirteen and fourteen.

Even conventional courtships in wartime take on a tenuous, fleeting character. War hastens maturity, while uprooting security. Young people seek marriage and children, hoping to find the solidity and certainty they need. This state of mind is sharpened by camp life, which makes a soldier crave the companionship of women. He needs the love of a woman to bolster his ego, which has been downed and damned in the impersonal life of the barracks.

In this chaotic, highly-charged atmosphere, bewildered boys and girls marry in record-breaking numbers and in record-breaking haste. A girl meets a boy at a dance; they see each other continuously for two days; she quits school to marry him. Another high school girl sets her cap for a boy on furlough and induces him to marry her because "all the other girls are doing it." A boy and girl accompanying a marrying couple to City Hall impetuously decide to make it a four-some.

It is the girl who generally takes the initiative in these telescoped courtships, war playing havoc with conventional procedures. Dr. Henry A. Bowman, who gives a course in marriage and the family at Stephens College, tells of a sergeant who remarked to him: "Sue is a swell kid and I'm really nuts about her. But it sort of scares me that we're actually married." Asked why, he grinned foolishly. "I don't know exactly," he said, "it just happened. We didn't do anything we should be ashamed of, but our kisses

didn't stop at the front porch. Next thing I knew, Sue was taking it for granted we were going to get married, and she's too nice to argue with."

Dr. Randolph Ray, for more than twenty years rector of the Little Church Around the Corner, is appalled by these hasty, ill-considered marriages. He tells of one incident which has vividly remained with him. After two years of service in World War I, a good-looking soldier returning from France was met at the gangplank by the attractive woman he had married during the war. "You can't come home with me," she greeted him. "I am in love with someone else. I want a divorce." Taken aback, the soldier threatened to kill the man. Instead, he killed himself the next day, and his wife married her lover.

The story has a strange sequel. In the midst of World War II the same woman came to Dr. Ray for advice. She was worried and unhappy. Her son had married a girl before he sailed away to war, and now the mother was panic-stricken lest the girl prove faithless, as she herself had been. "I've been a good wife and I've had a good life," she wept. "But my husband and I have never been free of an awful shadow."

III

The issues involved are not simple. A would-be war bride, urged to postpone marriage, can marshal formidable arguments to support her desire.

She knows, for one thing, that postwar competition for husbands will be keen and that if she does not capture her man now she may wait out her life without marriage or children.

A woman's chance for marriage dwindles perceptibly with each passing year. The rapidity is indicated by the figures for marriage-expectation of women, as worked out for the Southeastern part of the United States. At twenty years the chances are 84.3 per cent; at twenty-five years, 67.6 per cent; at thirty years, 42.6 per cent; at thirty-five years, 19.7 per cent; at forty years, 9.5 per cent; at forty-five years, 3.2 per cent.

These figures were compiled for normal times. War naturally lengthens the odds. After World War I, the sex ratio in most European countries for persons of marriageable age was about 82 men for 100 women. In Germany the surplus of women in 1919 was 2,214,000; in France the surplus was 1,227,000 in 1921; in England and Wales, 1,209,000. Dr. Clifford R. Adams of Pennsylvania State College makes the prediction that, no matter what happens, two to five million marriageable women in America are doomed to remain spinsters because of the male-female disproportion.

Over and above these considerations, however, is the fundamental truth that *both man and woman, in the insecurity of war, want the psychological security of a strong and binding marriage. They want to be "put."*

Whatever the immediately impelling motive, a fair percentage of mar-

riages peculiar to war are nevertheless not worth saving. Many instances come to mind; the types are familiar. A sailor, no older than nineteen, who meets a female barfly no younger than thirty-five, has a few drinks and marries her the next day. A college girl carries on a correspondence with a soldier she has never seen. When he is about to be shipped, she meets him at a railroad junction, and between trains they become man and wife. Impressionable nineteen-year-old Mildred meets a soldier at a USO dance and they get along famously. For four days, they stay close together, Mildred becoming steadily more starry-eyed. On the fifth day they are married. Mildred quits college and follows her husband to camp for two weeks before he is shipped across. They correspond frequently at first; then their letters become more widely spaced, and after a while the husband has to be prodded to write. At last she hears from him: "It's all a mistake. I'm sorry. I met a girl here who is dearer than life. . . ." Mildred is now going out with boys again.

Another category of wartime marriages is downright sinister. In this type of union the serviceman is game for the fortune-huntress. In some backwoods communities a \$50-a-month allotment to a service wife is enough to support her whole family, and this is sometimes the sole inducement to marriage. The most avid allotment-hunters are divorcées, particularly women with children from previous unions. A woman with three children

snared a serviceman and got a \$120 a month allotment, tax free. One daring Amazon is on record as having acquired thirteen enlisted men, with family allowances from each, without the benefit of a single divorce. Another woman concentrated her efforts on pilots, bombardiers and the like because they were assigned to hazardous duty.

If only the irresponsible, hysterical and racketeering marriages were affected by the corroding influences of war, nothing would be lost. But war also plays havoc with decent marriages, even those of long standing. Separation is not good for families. New experiences create different individuals, and in becoming different they sometimes draw apart. Couples separated for years are apt to look at each other like strangers when they meet again at last — finding it hard to speak and harder still to understand each other.

Army life is regimented, masculine, somewhat irresponsible. Soldiers have seen killings and have killed. They tend to lose the softnesses so necessary to happy marital life. Sexually they become cynical, exposed as they are to frivolous, vulgar, or mercenary female relationships. As far back as the Revolutionary War, parents regarded former soldiers as undesirable suitors.

War wives also change markedly. "Where there is no man, be the man yourself," demands an old Hebrew proverb. War, universally, makes women more reliant and independent. Subtle differences enter into their

attitude toward their husbands. They are not so apt to knuckle down to a man for an assured "meal ticket." In the third century, B.C., Roman soldiers returning from the Punic Wars had reason to complain about women refusing to give up the authority in financial and agricultural affairs which had been temporarily entrusted to them.

More damaging perhaps are the psychological quirks that result from estrangement. In murk and filth and in regimented living, the soldier begins to think of his wife as saintly and his home as ethereal. Reality does not intrude on his bounding imagination. His letters take on an uncommon fervor and passion. One misguided woman, rather plain in appearance, spent a considerable sum of money for a glorified Hollywood photograph of herself to jibe with her husband's idealized description of her. What will happen when this couple — and many like them — returns to the prosaic world of reality?

Dr. Seabury notes these common complaints of war brides after World War I: "I find it hard to get acquainted with him; he doesn't seem to know me as he did before he went away." "He isn't sure he loves me." "He wants to dance with lots of other girls." "He doesn't want children now; he says he wants to play for a while." "He has changed and I have changed; I didn't think we would. . . ."

Nor are these longer-established relationships entirely free from the

sexual promiscuity prevalent in wartime. In the case of many weak marriages of prewar vintage, forced separations provide an ideal opportunity for dissolving the partnership. Finding a married man with three children guilty of adultery with the wife of an army private overseas, a Newark judge recently declared: "I am disgusted with the number of cases coming before me of wives who are untrue to their husbands while they are in service overseas. In the last six weeks I had no less than twenty such cases." And an army chaplain, shocked by stories of broken marriages, was moved to report: "Our women have failed their fighting men. . . . The men come to tell me they are going to divorce their wives. I have little success trying to get them to patch it up. After a man has flown seventy to ninety missions over Europe, laying his life on the block to support his home, and then finds his home has been wrecked by infidelity, there is little I can tell him to convince him that he should forgive and forget."

IV

The stream of divorces has already begun to run, but the flood is still to come. It is only *after* a war that the divorce rate steps up, giving the lie to the apparent stability that prevails while the conflict is in progress. During the Franco-Prussian War, divorces in France actually decreased from 2,332 in 1860 to 1,893 in 1870, to 1,171 in 1871. Similarly in World War

I, taking 1913 as a base representing 100, the rate fell in France to a low of 13 in 1915. Four years later it reached 92. In Germany, where the rate had been steadily going up, divorces decreased from 24 per 100,000 in 1911 to 15 in 1916, but in 1921 the index raced up to 63. In the United States, the rate in 1917 stood at 120 per 100,000, and in 1918 (while the bulk of our soldiers were still away) it declined to 112, only to reach 160 in 1920.

One reason for this drop in wartime is obvious: men in the armed forces cannot be sued for divorce. Even more important, physical separations have already taken place, relieving marital tensions, strains and irritations. Letter writing does not fray the nerves with the same intensity as personal contact, and hope wells eternal that things will be different when the husband returns.

Then, too, war may serve in some cases to bind families together, for a time, rather than to drive them apart. Marriages are frequently bolstered by common griefs and trials. I know of one couple that was brought together by an enlisted son, both parents finding sustenance and strength in his letters and future plans. Finally, despite its ravages, war has to some extent a therapeutic effect on a nation. Individuals become engrossed in service. They are ashamed to complain of petty grievances in the midst of great universal sacrifices.

Thus the institution of marriage tends to remain calm on the surface.

But the appearance should not be taken for the reality. Once the war is over, the dikes crumble and the flood of divorces inevitably comes rushing through. On one of the thousands of petitions for divorce following World War I, an English court commented: "Patriotism is a worthy emotion, but it is not usually the right emotion on which to base happy and lasting wedlock. The war-bride craze which everywhere in the warring lands was so recklessly encouraged is now yielding its evil fruit. These hasty marriages are now ending in quick divorce."

Knowing what to expect — and why — we need not be unduly alarmed. As one authority in the field puts it, the wonder about marriage is not that there are separations but that so many couples can live so closely together for such long periods. All indications are that men, fresh from the battlefields, are yearning for the security of home, marriage and children. Thus while war may for a time shake and upset the institution of marriage, it is marriage which in the long run should succeed in cushioning the psychological shocks of war.



Science —

*I*T is a fraud of the Christian system to call the sciences human invention; it is only the application of them that is human. Every science has for its basis a system of principles as fixed and unalterable as those by which the universe is regulated and governed. Man cannot make principles; he can only discover them.

— THOMAS PAINE

*S*CIENCE is nothing but trained and organized common sense, differing from the latter only as a veteran may differ from a raw recruit: and its methods differ from those of common sense only as far as the guardsman's cut and thrust differ from the manner in which a savage wields his club.

— THOMAS H. HUXLEY

*S*CIENCE is a first-rate piece of furniture for a man's upper chamber, if he has common sense on the ground floor.

— OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

SWITZERLAND: PROSPERITY AND FREEDOM

BY EDWIN MULLER

THE Swiss have none of the things that are supposed to be essential to prosperity. They have none of the material possessions for which nations go to war. Their country is small and overcrowded. They haven't enough arable land to feed half the population. They have no coal or oil, little iron or other ores — almost no raw materials of any kind. They have no access to the sea.

And yet — over many years the Swiss have maintained a degree of prosperity as high as, if not higher than, any in the world. In our prosperous year of 1928 — the last for which comparative figures are available — the United States had a per capita wealth of \$2098. Switzerland had \$3126. In Switzerland poverty was rare.

During the depression years Switzerland suffered with the rest of the world. But unemployment, in proportion to population, was less than one-fourth of ours. There was no widespread destitution. And today Switzerland still stands out as a bright oasis in the economic desert of Europe.

While the Swiss have maintained this relative prosperity they have kept something even more important — individual freedom. Perhaps they are prosperous *because* they are free.

That runs counter to a theory widely held today: that individualism is not compatible with well-being; that we must barter our freedom for prosperity; that there must be, throughout the world, increasing government control and central planning of industry. But the Swiss haven't abandoned free, competitive economy. Except for the war emergency, they have never had centralized government direction of all the economic life of the nation.

For the Swiss way of life rests solidly on one concept: the resourcefulness and initiative of the individual — every man solving his own problems, responsible for himself, striving constantly to make his own living and free to choose how to make it.

More than that, there is co-operation as well as competition. Each Swiss recognizes that his own prosperity is bound up with that of his

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neighbor. They can compete with each other in certain ways, work together in others.

Take as an example the dairy farmer of the high Alps. His farm is perched at the head of a narrow valley, against a background of snowy precipices and stormy peaks — seven or eight acres of stony soil, some of it so steep that if he weren't sure-footed he might fall out of his farm and break his neck. The chalet and the cow barns huddle together against a climate that has eight months of winter and four of occasional sun.

A central planning board would no doubt decide that such a farm was "sub-marginal," an inefficient part of the national economy. The farmer and his family would be moved out, put to work on some big collectivist farm in the lowlands. But this family, left to do its planning for itself, stays here to fight out its own living on its own land — and does pretty well.

There are pigs, cows and chickens. Baskets full of loam are carried to a sheltered spot to make a more productive vegetable garden. The farm is nearly independent of an outside food supply.

The cash crop is milk. Milk means hay. So the stones are removed from the meadows and the land is manured and fertilized with painstaking thoroughness. An ingenious irrigation system is constructed by the farmer himself. A small brook, boiling down from the high snows, slate-gray with glacier water, is diverted by a trough made of hollowed-out logs and carried

out over the sloping meadows in a network of ditches. As a result, the farmer has a stand of hay as thick and luxuriant as if it had grown on a rich river bottom. And in August the whole family turns out to scythe it and bring the sweet-smelling bundles in from those slopes that are too steep for the wagon to reach.

In winter this farmer and his family turn to manufacturing. Some of them may go to work in the factory down in the village, or operate as an independent manufacturing unit. The whole family makes watch parts, wooden utensils, cigars; the women make hand embroidery, straw plaiting. They receive the materials each week from a factory in the lower valley, send back the completed product. They have a lathe powered by the stream that irrigates the fields. To this work they bring the same intensive skills that they devote to their farming. The quality of the work being high, the pay is good.

II

The Swiss like an activity that keeps the family together. Yet the family is not an isolated unit. The Swiss farmer gets along because he co-operates in many ways with the other farmers of the valley.

During the summer most of the herds are pooled and driven up to the high grass slopes, right under the cliffs, the common property of all. There they are in charge of cow-herds employed jointly by all the farmers.

Cheese-making is another co-operative enterprise. The village cheese factory belongs to the Co-operative, in which each farmer has a joint share and control in proportion to the amount of milk which he delivers — a share in the management and a share in the profits.

Participation in these co-operative activities is voluntary. A farmer doesn't have to pool his herd with the others for the grazing. He doesn't have to deliver his milk to the cheese factory. He can, and often does, contract to deliver it to the tourist hotel down the valley.

By a combination of working for himself and co-operating with others the farmer gets by, has a little more in his savings account at the end of each year. It's a hard but satisfying life. At the end of the day he sits at the head of the long table under the light shaded by a colored handkerchief — mother and the girls on one side, the boys on the other. Between them the big bowl of soup, the ham, the cheese, the big brown loaf. What they have they've made for themselves.

What is true of the farmer is true of other Swiss workers. They make a good living — in spite of their country's poverty in resources — through hard work and highly developed skills. And, even more, through individual resourcefulness and initiative, every man sweating out his own problems.

They work longer hours and with fewer holidays than we are used to. And they work with skill perhaps

more intensified than that of any other people. All that they have to sell is quality. They must live by export — must import raw materials from their neighbors and make from them finished products so much better than the neighbors can make at home that the latter are forced to buy them back. That is the basis of all the Swiss industries: watches and clocks, precision instruments, hydro-electric machinery, chemicals, textiles.

But hard work and skill aren't enough. The Swiss must keep ahead of their neighbors in ingenuity. They must constantly invent new things and new processes better than the old. The United States grants annually 330 new patents per million of population. Switzerland grants 930 per million. Every manufacturer keeps up an unending search for new inventions. And this ingenuity isn't confined to the laboratories of a few big corporations. It abounds among small businesses and individuals.

III

There's big business in Switzerland, especially in the heavy industries. But generally the industrial units are small. Only 30 per cent of Swiss workers work for companies employing 100 or more. There are approximately 244,000 employers, all but 8000 of whom have less than twenty employees each. The typical unit, especially in the largest industry — watches and clocks — has ten to fifteen employees. The owner is usually also the manager.

In Switzerland there's no great gulf between employer and employee. Once the French Socialist, Jaurès, came to Geneva to address an audience composed of workingmen and industrial managers. He looked out from the speaker's platform, said in a puzzled tone, "But where are the worker comrades?" There they were, right in front of him, but in their clothes and appearance they weren't noticeably different from the managers.

When you walk around a Swiss city, you can't tell which is the workingmen's quarter. Usually there isn't any. There are large houses and small, some districts poorer than others. But often an employer and some of the men who work for him live in the same block and go to work on the same street-car.

One reason why there's little gap between employer and employee is that their incomes are not far apart. Marx and other Socialists have said that in a capitalist system the rich would always get richer and the poor poorer. But the spread between the rewards of managers and workers is greater in Communist Russia than in capitalist Switzerland. It is said that in Russia today the spread is at least 50 to 1 — that is, the managers at the top of the Soviet hierarchy get 50 times as much income as the lowest paid class of workers. In Switzerland the spread is less than half of that. Rarely does any Swiss industrial manager receive as much as \$25,000 a year; few managers make ten times as much as their lowest paid employees.

There are larger incomes, derived from capital, but not very many or very large. There's hardly an income as large as \$100,000. Swiss economy is based on capitalism, with its rewards and incentives; yet it doesn't produce great concentrations of wealth. Swiss financial history records no mighty, buccaneering tycoons, no John D. Rockefellers, Basil Zaharoffs, Otto Kreugers. Astonishing as it seems to us, the Swiss apparently doesn't want enormous wealth.

On the other hand, the average worker makes good money. An expert watch-maker may earn \$10 to \$20 a day, and skill brings similar rewards in other industries. And the workman is likely to hold on to his money. In 1937, 75 per cent of Swiss men, women and children had savings accounts.

Switzerland is no industrial Utopia. It has its strikes and lock-outs, bitterness and violence. But certainly not so much industrial warfare as most nations. In its worst year of the last twenty years Switzerland had forty-one strikes, involving a total of about 6000 workmen and causing a loss of 115,000 work days. And the average is about a third of that number.

A reason for this comparative state of peace between labor and industry may be that so large a percentage of labor is highly skilled. Specialized skill, well-rewarded, gives a workman a stake in his industry and in his company that he is loath to jeopardize.

But more important is the fact that labor and management are not two sharply separated classes. Employers

and employees, not being very different from each other, can better understand each other's problems.

The machinery for negotiation is well organized. The labor unions are strong; so are the associations of manufacturers. Neither dominates the other. In each industry the union and the association negotiate a contract covering wages, hours, working conditions and a hard-and-fast provision for the arbitration of disputes.

Within each company there is provision for close and continuing contact between employer and employees. There is often a joint committee on which they are represented 50-50. It meets weekly to hear complaints and to consider any matters of mutual interest. In these meetings the employer is likely to discuss not only operating matters but his financial policies, his troubles and his hopes. In some cases he discloses the company's position to the employees before he states it to the stockholders. Employees and stockholders, especially in the smaller companies, often overlap.

IV

Government touches the workingman most closely in its social security legislation. In this, the Swiss are guided by three principles: first, such legislation should not undermine individual self-reliance; second, security should be attained voluntarily by each recipient; third, legislation should also take account of local conditions.

The Swiss theory is that the state should look out only for those who can't be expected to look out for themselves: children, the old, the sick and disabled. The Swiss had enlightened child labor legislation as far back as the 1870's. In old age pensions and disability insurance they are well advanced. But they have always shied away from legislation that attempts to guarantee social security to every adult, "from the cradle to the grave."

Old age pensions, unemployment insurance, sick benefits (with the exception of industrial accident insurance) are not compulsory and universal. Generally they are based on voluntary funds set up in each industry, to which employer, employee and the government contribute. If a man doesn't want security, he doesn't have to have it or to pay for it.

They localize their social legislation as far as possible. Even in small Switzerland, conditions vary widely from one part of the country to another. Each canton feels that it can meet its own social security problems better than by passing them on to the Federal government. But when industries overlap cantonal lines, legislation affecting them must as a rule be by the central government.

The Swiss believe in private, competitive industry. They are against private monopoly. When an industry by its nature must be a monopoly, the government owns or controls it. The country is too small for more than one railway; government owns

it. The same with communications. Public utilities are nearly all owned or controlled by the local governments. But government does not attempt the central planning and direction of private industry.

The theory is that the state is the one who makes the rules of the game, not the quarterback who calls the plays. It makes the rules of fair competition. It says "You must not" rather than "You must." And not too much of "You must not."

The Swiss are dependent on the outside world to a greater degree than any other civilized nation. Without foreign trade Switzerland would die; about 90 per cent of its principal manufactured goods must be exported.

The Swiss, therefore, want a world of stable currencies — a world of free trade in which individuals every-

where are free to buy and sell to each other. They are not afraid to have their highly paid labor compete with the cheap labor of others. They figure that quality can always force a market for itself against cheap production costs.

Of course they do not know what kind of economic world they face in the future. But the Swiss are not a people who "walk reluctantly backward into the future," their eyes fixed only on the past. Their whole temperament and training is to go constantly forward. They want progress. But to them, progress does not lie in moving away from individual freedom and self-reliance. They do not see liberty and material well-being as two alternatives. To the Swiss, freedom and well-being are indivisible, the one following upon the other.



Environment —

Men are like plants; the goodness and flavor of the fruit proceeds from the peculiar soil and exposition in which they grow. We are nothing but we derive from the air we breathe, the climate we inhabit, the government we obey, the system of religion we profess, and the nature of our employment.

— ST. JOHN DE CRÈVECOEUR

People are not the better for the sun and moon, the horizon and the trees; as it is not observed that the keepers of Roman galleries, or the valets of painters, have any elevation of thought, or that librarians are wiser men than others.

— RALPH WALDO EMERSON

GENERAL DE GAULLE

BY HENRY C. WOLFE

As a boy Charles de Gaulle once dreamed of becoming a missionary.

When they told me that in Paris last year, the main pieces of the De Gaulle puzzle began to fall into place for me. That boyish dream went far to explain the ascetic, enigmatic French soldier who, as "the war's most controversial figure," has been called intransigent, impossible, dictatorial, Leftist revolutionary and Fascist reactionary. The more charitable have let him off with "difficult" and un-Gallic. One periodical named him Joan de Gaulle. It was an exasperated and uncomprehending jibe, but it blundered to the heart of the truth. Ever since "the abominable armistice" of June 1940, Charles de Gaulle has felt himself destined — as Joan of Arc once did — to save the soul of France. It is his "destiny" to restore the *grandeur* that towers so loftily in all that he says and writes.

I saw that "destiny" in action. I was a member of the little four-car De Gaulle cortège that drove from Rennes to Vitré and Laval after the Germans had been driven out. The

region had just been liberated. There were undoubtedly German sympathizers among the townspeople and peasants who lined the roads and thronged the squares of the villages along the way to acclaim the Fighting French leader. Yet General de Gaulle had no military or police escort. Nowhere in the four cars of our party could I see a single gun or revolver. Even at Laval, where 25,000 people gathered to hear him speak, he did not take the most elementary precaution.

A few days later, Paris was celebrating its liberation. At the Arc de Triomphe, where I stood, photographers in civilian clothes broke through police lines and rushed toward De Gaulle. A French major next to me exclaimed: "But those men may have pistols or grenades!" General de Gaulle calmly faced the clicking cameras.

Later he walked down the Champs Élysées, from the Étoile to the Place de la Concorde. As I rolled along in a jeep fifty feet behind him, I kept watching the cheering crowds and thronged windows. Only the day before, Paris was a bloody battleground.

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Vichy militiamen were still at large and Nazi SS men were reported to be prowling the city in civilian clothes. Yet De Gaulle disregarded every effort to safeguard him.

Half an hour later as he entered Notre Dame, shots were fired. The frightened people in the great cathedral threw themselves on the floor. De Gaulle, standing erect through the uproar, gave the sharp command: "Frenchmen, stand up!" Again the disregard for his personal safety, the same faith in his destiny as savior of France.

It is important for Americans to take into consideration this mystical core of De Gaulle's nature. France is a key force in the new Europe, and De Gaulle is the key to France. To understand France we must know something of its leader's policies and of the strange, stubborn, awkward man behind them — the more so because he is "difficult" and un-Gallic.

De Gaulle got a more confusing press than any other figure to emerge from World War II. What were Americans to think of a leader whose comment on United States and British recognition was, "The French government is naturally pleased at being called by its right name."? Did a declaration about "our assumption of power" (the "our" referring to Charles de Gaulle) make its author an aspiring dictator? What was there to the bickerings with Roosevelt and Churchill, the "retirement" of Giraud, the pact with the Soviet Union? How about the tactless and seemingly

inept gestures, the diplomatic torpedoes loosed in classical French? It all makes sense only if you balance the character and personality of this extraordinary patriot against his extraordinary program.

II

In London for the two years preceding the liberation of France I heard a good deal about De Gaulle's "ingratitude," his "unco-operativeness," his arbitrariness, his *volte-faces*. One influential MP spoke of him as a "French Hitler." Others, in discussing his ups and downs with Churchill, repeated the then Prime Minister's understandable complaint that of all the crosses that he had to bear the heaviest was the cross of Lorraine.

The cross of Lorraine has been even heavier for De Gaulle himself — for De Gaulle the politician, that is. Neither by training nor temperament is this impersonal, remote intellectual a politician. It is a rôle that was forced on him in his crusade to free France and restore her sovereignty — her *grandeur* as a world power. None but a "difficult" man, stubborn, demanding, implacable, headstrong — chauvinistic, if you will — could have measured up. And it bespeaks at least phenomenal tenacity of purpose that he has acquitted himself so well in a rôle so alien and distasteful to his temperament.

By nature the dedicated savior of France is an introvert, a man of few words and few friends. He lacks the

common touch. His conduct springs from convictions, not from a desire to please. He is a conservative in the personal sense, but not necessarily in the broader one. An austere religious Catholic, he has been brought up to make conscience the sole arbiter of his actions. He considers living a duty and life a discipline. In the words of an associate, "he wins a daily victory over himself."

Devoid of social graces and ambitions, he has neither small talk nor admiration for those who have. Indeed, he entertains something like suspicion toward the over-fluent of speech. In this connection there is an illuminating footnote to his education. In preparing for St. Cyr, the French West Point, he spent a year at Stanislas College in Paris. At Christmas his report read: "pious, industrious, agreeable, serious"; at Easter, "he talks too much." Taken to task by his strict father and by the reverend director of the school, the shy young giant put a check on his loosening tongue. The third quarterly report recorded only brilliance in studies and restraint in speech and deed.

All this constituted lean equipment for the glad-handing, the verbal casuistry, the play-acting of politics. In June 1940, the original Fighting Frenchman found himself in England, a man without a country, a general without an army, a lone soldier forced to play international politics. His experience as a politician was limited and disheartening. From 1934 to the fall of France he had been the silent

partner in Paul Reynaud's fight to mechanize the French army. De Gaulle had invented the armored division, which the Nazis lost no time in making their own. Reynaud was his single French convert among the men in power. But Reynaud's pleas shattered against the Maginot Line of anti-change military mentality. Not only did De Gaulle lose out in his political campaign; he also had to swallow the bitter pill of vindication in reverse when German tanks blitzed through to victory using the very system he had invented for the French.

In the harrowing days and nights before the Pétain armistice De Gaulle waged a desperate one-man campaign to keep France in the fight. He conferred with Churchill in France and England. He gave the vacillating Reynaud no rest. Again he was a gaunt failure as a politician.

In London, missionary De Gaulle kept a little French earth in his office. Doggedly and undoubtingly patient about his ultimate goal, he was impatient about the indecisions, the compromises and the indirect processes of politics. He listened to certain advisers, but often proved "difficult" both because of and in spite of them. He blundered, lost his temper, took offense and gave it. Lady Warwick invited him to dinner to meet the British General Staff. "But I already know Mr. Churchill and that's enough," he protested — and declined. He can now put up with purely social intercourse if it promotes the cause of France. He will even do some

handshaking in a loose, pressureless way.

Churchill once blocked a De Gaulle argument with: "General, you may be France, but you're not all France." The French leader stalked out in a white heat at the slight to his divided fatherland. Gradually he seems to have learned, though he often forgets the lesson, that controlled emotions can be useful to a cause. He was not informed officially of the Allied invasion of North Africa. Pretending anger, he descended on 10 Downing Street. It was such a good act that it gained British recognition for Fighting French sovereignty in Madagascar. De Gaulle was not, however, play-acting when he admonished the French: "Help our allies, join them unconditionally. Don't worry about names and formulas. Only one thing counts, salvation of our country."

At first, press conferences were a bore for him — and for the journalists. He would stiffly read a long statement and retreat to his office. Now he is cordial to the press, calls newsmen by name, handles their questions with plenty of give-and-take. "Do you expect to be the first President of the Fourth Republic?" De Gaulle came back: "So far you are the only one to offer me the job."

III

But no matter how many tricks of the trade De Gaulle may discipline himself into practising, he must remain less a flesh-and-blood leader than an

abstract symbol of leadership. He is a mind, even more than a man, an extraordinarily metaphysical mind. In the dedication of *The Philosophy of Command (Au Fil de L'Épée, 1932)* he wrote, "Nothing great is achieved in the field of action without the guiding light of thought." The thought that has guided his action is syllogistic, Cartesian. Even before he was drilled in the traditional logic of Jesuit studies, his mind had been conditioned by admiration for his father — a philosophy teacher in a Catholic college. Measured, astringent Pascal and direct, historical-minded Montaigne are standbys of his, and when he had time, he used to read them before going to bed. Among contemporary intellectuals, his mind most resembles Jacques Maritain's.

It is his metaphysical approach that has given him something of a reputation as a prophet. It was not on military but on spiritual grounds, for instance, that he foresaw the defeat of Hitler's Germany. In his *Dissension in the Enemy Ranks (La Discorde chez l'Ennemi, 1924)* he traced the Reich's defeat to the Nietzschean mentality of the Kaiser's high command, to "the characteristic taste for unlimited undertakings, the passion to extend personal power at any cost, the contempt of all bounds established by human experience, common sense and law." The same mentality, monstrously exaggerated and modernized, would cause the defeat of the Nazi leaders.

In November 1941, he foretold America's entry into the war — again

for non-military reasons. It was inevitable that the United States would come to the defense of the European civilization on which her culture was founded. "So saturated has America become with this civilization of ours that it may be truthfully said to have reached there its fullest expression." In his memorable broadcast of June 18, 1940, he implied that America and Russia would come into the war to help crush Nazism.

The French, to whom De Gaulle was for a long time after that broadcast but a voice and a name, found the name singularly significant. *Gaulle* is popularly translated as France — the old tripartite Gaul of the *Commentaries*. That in itself was wonderfully apt, a sort of battle cry. In current speech *gaule* means pole, a fact that motivated stick-bearing paraders to stage symbolic resistance demonstrations right under the eyes of the Nazi army of occupation. And when in the flesh the pole turned out to be six feet four, the populace was enchanted with the fitness of things.

They got something of a chilling, however, when their blue-eyed, brown-haired, unsmiling pole of a leader first came to liberated France. With his mind, as always, on France rather than the French, he gave no thought in the beginning to the emotional needs of his newly freed compatriots. At Lille, they told me, it took the persistent cheers of a welcoming throng to get him out on the Préfecture balcony. There he gravely plumed, hesitated awkwardly, then

turned quickly and hurried inside.

Advisers must have counseled a less academic technique. I heard him speak on a number of occasions. It was not rabble-rousing oratory, ebullient with Gallic dramatics. Rather it was an appeal, delivered in a northern drawl and accompanied by the solitary De Gaulle gesture. Arms close to his sides, he doubles his elbows, bringing his fists up toward his shoulders and dropping them again. The whole performance seemed to leave something of sadness behind it.

IV

It was at Lille, on November 22, 1890, that Charles André Joseph Marie de Gaulle was born. Like most small boys, he played war with his brothers and his sister. By the time he had become a pupil at a Christian Brothers' school and, later, at a Jesuits', he had settled down into lanky, pious, studious adolescence. In a home atmosphere of plain living and high thinking he listened to his father discuss Thomas Aquinas, Hegel, Nietzsche and the French philosophers. Briefly, too, he had his dream of devoting his life to the salvation of souls.

But he chose the army, was nicknamed "the long asparagus" at St. Cyr, was graduated with honors. His outstanding scholarship rated him the privilege of choosing his regiment. Because the commander was one of his heroes, he chose the 33rd Infantry. The commander was Colonel Philippe Pétain, who was later to charge his

most famous pupil with treason and set a price on his exiled head.

Three wounds, three citations and a captaincy — that was the De Gaulle record in the first two years of World War I. The third wound was serious. In leading a hand-to-hand counter-attack at Drouant, *le grand Charlie*, as the poilus called him, was so badly hurt that the Germans were able to take him prisoner. He made five vain attempts to escape. "They could spot my height even at a distance," complained "the long asparagus." He spent two years and eight months in prison, most of it in solitary.

Always a prodigious worker, Captain de Gaulle used a good deal of his time rereading favorite classics and memorizing long stretches of them. Two fellow prisoners enjoyed hearing him recite Homer, Ovid and other ancients. One was Georges Catroux, now French ambassador to Moscow; the other was Mikhail Tukashevsky, who became one of Stalin's great marshals, but was purged long before the De Gaulle-Stalin pact. Out of their three-cornered discussions and De Gaulle's keen observations of the enemy, he got material for his first book, *Dissension in the Enemy Ranks*. In it De Gaulle expressed his concern over the postwar vigilance of victorious France. "It must be made impossible," he warned, "for the Germans to come out of their defeat stronger and more menacing than ever."

Some time after the Armistice, rather against his will, the duty slave who was Captain de Gaulle accepted

an invitation to an exhibition of the *Salon d'Automne*. He found himself standing beside shy, slim, pretty Yvonne Vendroux. Self-consciously, he devoted himself to various arrangements of his cap, gloves and sword. Someone put a cup of tea in his overburdened hands. The tea spilled on Mademoiselle Vendroux's dress. Agonized apologies followed and, five months later, marriage. They named their son Philippe, after De Gaulle's revered Philippe Pétain. Some two decades later, when Paris was liberated, De Gaulle was to spot Philippe among the anti-Pétain troops drawn up outside the Gare Montparnasse.

Professor of history at St. Cyr, officer of Weygand's expedition to Poland, where he fought against the Russian armies commanded by ex-fellow prisoner Tukashevsky, student at the War College — Commandant De Gaulle was on his way up. At the War College he ran afoul of defense-minded high army officers because he was rash enough to advocate — and successfully demonstrate — offensive initiative and mobility in war maneuvers. Marshal Pétain sent for the courageous innovator and made him a War College instructor; later he appointed him to his General Staff. In 1932 De Gaulle published *The Philosophy of Command*, dedicating it to "my teacher, Marshal Pétain."

Before heading some government missions to the Near East, De Gaulle served with the army of the Rhine. Here his wartime fears regarding the

Reich were confirmed. German militarism was girding for another fray. In 1934 he published *The Army of the Future* (*Vers l'Armée de Métier*), a revolutionary concept of war in which he exposed the shortcomings of the Maginot Line defense program and outlined in detail a motorized army system based on a highly trained professional corps of specialists. It is a book that ranks De Gaulle among the great military theorists, but it sold only about 1500 copies. Of these the German High Command bought 200. Weygand denounced it as "evil." Pétain dismissed it as a collection of "witticisms." This was the beginning of the break between "classical" master and "unclassical" disciple — a break painful to the sentimentally conservative De Gaulle.

In early 1934 a leading French correspondent in Germany talked with Hitler, Von Ribbentrop, Huehnlein and other prominent Nazis. They all referred to "your best technical man" and "your specialist in mechanization." The correspondent — an exceptionally well-informed Frenchman — had to ask whom they meant. He had never heard of De Gaulle. General Guderian in his book on tanks, *Achtung, Panzer*, quoted the obscure French officer freely. And in September 1939, the De Gaulle blueprint of a tank-plane combat team came to life to win the nightmarish German victory in Poland.

The *Sitzkrieg* confirmed the French High Command's sluggish faith in its system of static warfare. But De

Gaulle was worried. On January 26, 1940, he submitted to them a startling memorandum of German preparations for a *Blitzkrieg* against France. The High Command pigeonholed the memorandum; the Germans crashed through the obsolescent French defenses according to the De Gaulle schedule; at Laon and Abbéville, De Gaulle won the only two French victories of the war. At Abbéville, incidentally, the repulsed German division was commanded by Rommel, whose books often quoted De Gaulle's *Vers l'Armée de Métier*.

V

When France fell, Madame de Gaulle was in Brest with her three children. Cut off from her husband for weeks, she knew nothing of his whereabouts or plans. "Children," she reasoned, "your father is not the kind of man to give up. He will surely go to England to carry on the struggle." On June 19 at Falmouth young Philippe picked up a paper and read the words of his father's broadcast: "France has lost a battle, but France has not lost the war." In a few days the family was reunited, and the staffless, harassed, almost penniless general was bringing home notes to dictate to his wife and documents for her to type.

De Gaulle's home life is typically French, compact, reticent and simple. The family spends evenings together over books, music or in conversation with friends. Madame de Gaulle sometimes plays the piano. De Gaulle

enjoys documentary films, but has commercial pictures shown for invalid Anne, the younger of his two attractive daughters. Sports have no place in the family pattern. Walking is the General's sole outdoor exercise; it seems to keep him fit and tireless through all extremes of climate and weather. Even when away from his family, De Gaulle never misses Sunday mass, preferring the privacy of an early hour for worship.

Madame de Gaulle is the traditional French wife; she dresses simply, uses no make-up, stays in the back-ground, shuns publicity. At the few public functions she feels duty-bound to attend, it is almost impossible to draw her into conversation. At a Bastille Day celebration in London, she refused a ceremonial seat, took a bus, and viewed the affair from the crowd.

The week after Paris was liberated I spent an afternoon at the home of Georges Duhamel, one of the great literary figures of France. In the course of our conversation, I learned that De Gaulle had called on him the previous evening. Evidently he had hurried to get in a reunion with his friend before official demands grew too pressing. Another social visit of which I heard throws a sidelight on De Gaulle loyalties. Not long after the Duhamel call, the General made a point of seeing the director of the school where he had learned to discipline his tongue and to which he paid an annual visit while Philippe was a student there. The French

leader brought news and word from a Canadian branch of the school, which he had included in his 1944 American itinerary.

At the time of the Roosevelt-Churchill-Stalin conference at Yalta, De Gaulle's classical French loosed one of his diplomatic torpedoes. France, he broadcast, would not consider herself pledged to any peace terms arranged by other nations without her approval. I heard a rather impatient New Yorker remark: "De Gaulle is on another of his rampages." Some of the cold, hungry French felt let down. They had expected their leader to talk about how soon they could look for coal and more food.

To De Gaulle, who once remarked that Pétain thought more of the French than of France, hunger and cold were inconveniences — passing, physical. He was not to be sidetracked from saving France's soul. Since then, on his own high plane, he has been gradually checking off the score of that "destiny" of his. France has been liberated, returned to an influential position in world deliberations. She has gained a permanent seat in the Security Council of the United Nations, a share in the occupation of Germany and of Berlin. At Potsdam she was even given a place in the "Big Five" Council of Foreign Ministers.

The anniversary of France's liberation, incidentally, found De Gaulle considerably less mystical about such mundane matters as coal, food, machinery and supplies for her rehabilitation. This represents no funda-

mental change of character. De Gaulle is simply putting first now what he considers first.

At home, meanwhile, what of the leader who thought more of France than of the French? A few days before his country was made a member of the "Big Five," De Gaulle received his first adverse vote in the Consultative Assembly. Protest was mounting in that body against certain of his internal policies. Did the Assembly — not elected, but chosen

by De Gaulle's authority — foreshadow important political trends in the October elections? De Gaulle has aimed to lead reborn France along the road of moderation. If the men elected in October refuse to travel that road, informed observers believe, he will resign his office.

At bottom it probably matters little to him whether he is in or out of office. What counts with Charles de Gaulle is whether France is on the march to *grandeur*.



*S*ATIRE is a sort of glass wherein beholders do generally discover everybody's face but their own, which is the chief reason for that kind reception it meets with in the world.

— JONATHAN SWIFT

*T*HE scholar must keep himself free from stain. He does not go among the low to make himself seem high. He does not seek out the foolish to make himself seem wise. He does not praise those who think as he does, or condemn those who differ.

— CONFUCIUS

*T*HERE is nothing, I think, in which the power of art is shown so much as in playing the fiddle. In all other things we can do something at first. Any man will forge a bar of iron, if you give him a hammer; not so well as a smith, but tolerably. A man will saw a piece of wood, and make a box, though a clumsy one; but give him a fiddle and a fiddle-stick, and he can do nothing.

— SAMUEL JOHNSON

FAR BE IT FROM ME

A Story

BY ALMA ROBISON HIGBEE

FAR be it from me to meddle in the Lord's business," Granny Oddly said to the lady in the green hat, who shared her seat on the crowded bus, "but ever' so often I have to go down and straighten out my girl, Virgie, who is the aggravatinnest person I ever did see. Like the time she was fifteen, she took it into her head she had gallopin' consumption cause a neighbor up and died of it. Got so scared she joined the church and got all ready to pass on. Took a right smart coaxing to show her that she had nothing the matter with her. Now a friend of hers died of heart failure, so Virgie thinks she's got that, too."

The lady in the green hat looked down at the open magazine on her lap and sighed.

"I sure admire that hat you got on," Granny said, hitching her black lawn bonnet back from her face. "It's pineblank the color of moss down in the holler back home. I guess I wouldn't a come down so soon, but my son-in-law Ed North, he had to go away on a trip and when he writ

me that Virgie was ailin' and he was afraid to leave her, I thought that would be a good time to go, cause I could give her 'what for' without Ed under foot. He babies her, now all the young'uns are married off and gone." Granny's blue eyes sparked up and laughter was like a ripple of deep water across her brown and wrinkled old face.

The bus driver called Granny's stop and she gathered her belongings, a warped straw suitcase and a meal sack that sagged heavily and clinked as she hoisted it into the aisle.

"I'm shore pleased to know all you people," she said, glancing around the bus. A red-faced man who had been eating peppermints from a pink sack snorted. Granny bobbed her head at him. "I hope your stomick trouble gets better," she said. "Iffen I'd thought of it before, I'd a given you a swig of bitters."

"I'm obliged to you, young man," she told the bus driver as he handed her baggage down. She turned to a young woman who stood near, wait-

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ing for another bus and a spirit of high adventure peeped out of Granny's old eyes that were brightly blue as polished horn buttons. "I come down on a early bus and they ain't ary soul here to meet me. You mind my truck, honey, while I get someone to haul me out to my daughter's house."

Shaking out her black sateen skirt, she pushed her bonnet back from her face and marched briskly over to a cab standing nearby. A slacked and jacketed girl came sprinting to meet her. "Cab, lady?"

"Yessiree, daught, I'm looking for a man to drive this here hack."

"I'm the driver," the girl gave Granny a grin and hitched up her belt.

"My soul and body, a woman hack driver!" Granny shook her head. "Well, I want to driv out to my daughter's on Hilltop Avenue. I've got the number writ down here somewhere." Fumbling in a worn black bag, she brought out a crumpled envelope and handed it over.

"If you can tote this 'un, I can rassle t'othern," she said, indicating the suitcase and carefully separating the weight of the meal sack so that it was equally divided. "I don't want to get my jugs broke," she added as the girl helped her into the cab. "I fetched a mess of bitters for my girl Virgie. Two kinds of 'em, one to clean her out and one to build her up."

"Watch out there," Granny yelled as a red car shot past. "My soul and body, the way people rip and rare around here in automobiles is a caution. It's a great wonder to my mind

they's ary soul left to tell the tale."

Arriving at her daughter's neat white stucco, she gravely counted nickels and dimes into the hand of the cab driver, thanked her for fetching the jugs up on the porch, then watched her drive away.

II

Virgie had a mighty fancy house, she thought, rapping on the glass panel that had a lace curtain over it so you couldn't even see in. It was a quare thing that a girl brought up the way Virgie had been should forget her raising and get so high-falutin' when she got away from home. Like having her floors slick as grease so a body was afraid to walk on them and had to step on little pieces of carpet she scattered around.

The woman who answered her knock was short and rather on the plump side. Her eyes were pale blue and her mouth had a bleak look, like a March freeze.

"Howdy," said Granny, beaming. "I'm Viney Oddly, Virgie's ma."

"I'm Mrs. Pilcher," the voice was high-pitched and sounded to Granny like a bad case of trembles. "I came here as a practical nurse to Mrs. North but she has put off all the cooking and housework on me. I'm not used to that."

"My soul and body, things have come to a sorry pass when a girl of mine must have someone to do her cookin'. What's your first name now?"

"My name's Agatha," a hint of

moisture appeared in the pale eyes, then evaporated. "My husband passed away over a year ago."

"I fetched me a snack of corn pone and onion on the bus," the sparkle in Granny's eyes cut a dido over her face. "You reckon you've got a leetle mite of spice clove or anise root I could chew on?"

With a look of annoyance Mrs. Pilcher led the way kitchenward where she searched the cupboard until she found a can of whole mixed spices.

"This here's just what I need," Granny declared, popping a piece of cinnamon bark into her mouth. "Now I'll trot up and see how Virgie's making out."

"The doctor's up there," Mrs. Pilcher said and sniffed.

Virgie's bedroom was large and pleasant with big windows and ruffled curtains. Virgie was lying on a day-bed propped up with pillows. She looked right pert for forty-five, Granny thought, as who wouldn't with someone to wait on them hand and foot. The young man who was leaning over the bed looked up at Granny's entrance, smiling. Granny didn't like his looks much. He was on the skimpy side and she liked portly men, like Ed now.

Granny said "Howdy" to the man, then came to push him out of the way and kiss her daughter lightly on the cheek. "Howdy, daught. You look spry enough."

"This is Dr. Westover, Mother," Virgie said in the all-gone voice

Granny remembered. "This is my mother, Mrs. Oddly."

"You ain't got no more use for a doctor than a groun'hog has got for a pair of shoes, daught," taking off her bonnet she went to hang it in the closet. "You just got yourself all bound up, most likely. What you need is a good cleanin' out."

"Mother! After all . . ." Virgie looked shocked.

"I ain't never heard tell it was bad to talk about bein' bound up to a 'fetched-on' doctor. They know all about your bones and innards. Read it out of a book."

"I don't think you like doctors much, Mrs. Oddly," the doctor closed his bag and buttoned his coat.

"Oh, I think they be needful sometimes, if a body was to break a leg," she gave him an impish grin.

"I'll drop in the first of next week, Mrs. North," he said, picking up his hat.

"I don't reckon you'll make ar'y nother trip around here," Granny told him. "Virgie'll be out of here fore you can say scat."

"Then you're a better doctor than I am, Mrs. Oddly," the doctor was still laughing as he went out the door.

"Mother, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, the way you talk," Virgie sighed. "You don't know how poorly I've been. Half the time I can't get my breath deeper than right here," she measured with a well-kept hand just below the base of her throat.

"You wait till I get my jug and a pint cup, if Aggie's got ar'y one. Bit-

ters are always better out of a tin cup, I always say. You ain't goin' to worry none about how far down you get your breath. Goin' to be too busy."

"I miss Ed so much," Virgie sighed. "I don't know what I'd do without him."

As Granny went hopping down the stairs after a tin cup, she got an idea that beat her bitters plan a dozen ways. Why, I never scum up a better scheme than this in all my born days, she thought with satisfaction. If only it would work.

Agatha was running cold chicken through the meat grinder. There was no friendliness in her face as she looked up.

"Aggie, I been a-thinkin' about you some," Granny climbed on a high stool and hooked her heels over the lower rung. "You put me in a mind of a girl I used to know. Luty Asbury she was. Pertiest girl around about and she was a great one for red. Now if you put on a red dress and pinched your cheeks a leetle and fluffened up your hair some, you'd be the spittin' image of Luty. A young woman like you ought to primp up. You don't look a day over thirty." Granny added nine under her breath to square herself with her conscience.

Agatha tossed her head, and her mouth thawed around the edges. "If I do say it, I was a real good-looking girl when I was a . . . little younger. And red is my favorite color."

"Well, I'd like to see you slicken up some, so I would. You can't tell when some good-lookin' widderman might

happen along and propose to you."

"I'm not sure I would consider remarriage," Agatha's second chin quivered.

"Not onless you could get a good man to take care of you," Granny climbed off the stool and started for the door, the pint cup in her hand. "You mind what I say."

"It's a sight how much a little fixin' improves Aggie," Granny said to Virgie next morning. "Wouldn't surprise me none if she wasn't aimin' to catch her a man. You ought to see her, with her hair all frizzed in front. And she's a good cook, too. Any man'd be lucky to get her, let me tell you."

"I don't think she's much to look at," Virgie ran her hand up over smooth brown hair that showed hardly any gray.

"Still and all, she ain't bad. You remember Tig Henly back home. Well, sir, he's done got him a second woman. His woman Mindy ain't been dead but five or six months. Tig said a man that had been used to his own home wouldn't never be satisfied livin' with kin. Can't blame him nuther."

Virgie sat up in bed. "If I thought Ed'd get married again I'd. . . ."

"My soul and body, Virgie North, course he'd marry again." Granny snorted. "He's a home-lovin' man, Ed is. You can't hold that against him."

"Well, nobody's going to snap Ed up," Virgie said and started having one of her spells.

She did not have time to finish it, however, for Granny's cleaning out process had begun. And at lunch time

she insisted on going down to the dining room instead of having her meal in bed as she had been doing. "I feel stronger, so I think I'll go down and see what's going on in my own house."

She regarded the change in Agatha Pilcher with surprise and evident displeasure. Agatha wore a bright red blouse and large polka dots of scarlet glowed on both cheeks. Her lip rouge had slipped, painting a mouth larger and less attractive than the original, but Granny told her that she looked ten years younger.

Virgie's appetite was not so good as it should have been. She left most of her lunch on the plate when she went upstairs to finish having her spell.

III

The next morning was chill and gray, one of those drab days that come occasionally in May, after spring has had her first inning. Granny said it was "blackberry winter," and forked a second egg onto her plate. "A body don't pay the cloudy weather no mind when they've got Aggie all triggered up in red," she said brightly, cocking an eye at her daughter who sat at the end of the table looking as though she had not slept much.

Virgie lifted her coffee cup to her lips then glared across at Mrs. Pilcher. "This coffee's strong enough to walk," she said sharply.

"I made it just like you said to make it when I first came here," Mrs. Pilcher's eyes watered, and she sighed. "Mr. North liked my coffee. He said

so the morning he left. He said, 'Mrs. Pilcher, that is excellent coffee.'" She flounced into the kitchen, banging the door behind her.

Granny grinned at her daughter. "She was asking me last night what all Ed liked. Said she wanted to fix him up some good vittles when he comes back. She's real helpful, Aggie is."

A dull red crept up over neck and cheeks, reaching Virgie's temples. Her eyes snapped, and she cast a baleful glance kitchenward.

Later, after Agatha had gone to do the marketing, Granny went up to keep Virgie company. Virgie tried lying on the day-bed a while, then she got up and took Ed's shirts out of the drawers, looking over them for loose buttons.

"I was just thinkin' about Steve Awklin," Granny said innocently, puttering around the room, picking up this and that. "He married one of the Roe girls, the lame one. You remember her. Name is Simonola. She stayed at Steve's when his wife was sick and after she died, Simonola stayed on. Fetched her gran'ma over to keep her company so's she wouldn't get talked about, livin' with Steve. About six months after Pinie died, Steve up and wed Simonola."

"The ideal!" Virgie looked indignant. "Pinie was a pretty woman and that Simonola. . . ."

"Yes, I reckon Pinie was better lookin' than Simonola, but then men don't care nothin' much about looks when they wed the second time. They

pick out a good cook ever' time."

"I don't feel very good," Virgie sat down on the bed and pressed her hand to her heart. She closed her eyes and sighed, and her breath started coming in short gasps. "Get my . . . camphor, Mother."

Granny looked about wildly. She had to put a stop to this right now, but how? Just then she heard the outside door close.

"Well, there's Aggie back," she said loudly. "I reckon she's been savin' up them red stamps so she could buy a big beef roast for Ed, cause she asked me when he would be back. She said she aimed to bake him a pie, too, if her sugar held out. My, Aggie loves to cook."

"Did you tell her that Ed was on his way home?" Virgie no longer drooped. She sat bolt upright, and the spasmodic breathing had become regular and even.

"All I told her was that you had a letter from him and he said he'd take a arplane for home tonight. That's all I told her. She said she was going to run out and buy her a red housedress after lunch. She looks so good in red."

"Mother, excuse me a moment. I have to attend to something." For one who was in the midst of a heart attack Virgie was surprisingly active. She went out, closing the door.

Granny went and opened the door a crack and listened intently, but she

could hear nothing. Just as she was considering a sashay down the hall to see what she could find out, Virgie came marching up the stairs walking like a general behind a brass band.

She drew Granny back into the room and closed the door. There was sparkle in her eyes and color ran high on her cheeks. "I just gave Mrs. Pilcher two weeks' pay and sent her packing." She began putting Ed's shirts away. "I just got to thinking how much better I've been feeling since I started taking your bitters and by the time I have a few doses of the tonic, I'll be fine. And then I need some exercise. I've always done my own work and I'm not going to have some strange woman in my kitchen. You always do me a lot of good, Mother, just being around."

"Well, Aggie was a real good girl, but I guess you're right, daught." Granny nodded. "A woman hadn't ought to be careless about a good man. They be kind of scarce nowadays."

A smile tangled itself in the corner of Granny's mouth a few moments later as she went down the hall to her own room.

"I reckon I'll just pull my freight out of here and go home tomorry," she said aloud. "I'll settle down and tend to my knittin' for sure. The Good Lord can take care of his business a sight better'n I can and far be it from me to meddle in it."



THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Bear Market in Comedians

THERE are people, and their number is plentiful, who are so given to a wish for laughter that they respond to almost anything in the comedy line. The sight of a *soi-disant* comedian in red and blue striped underdrawers is enough to set them howling, and if the fellow then turns 'round rapidly three times and observes that his dog mistook him for a barber-pole, and conducted himself accordingly, they are reduced to stitches. These words are not addressed to them. They are addressed rather to those others, and their number is hardly less plentiful, who also relish a good, loud laugh but whose cachinnatory muscles are not quite so promiscuous. It is these who, surveying the present stage, realize to their unwelcome grief that never in the history of the modern American theatre has there been so great a dearth of authentic musical show funny-men, men gifted naturally with the comic spirit and not merely pretenders to the throne whereon in the past have sat so many comedians of the blood royal.

The stage today has on it all kinds of newcomers billed as comedians, and one or two of them are fairly amusing in a synthetic way. But for

the overwhelming part they compare ignobly with those who have gone before them and amount in the aggregate to pretty dreary specimens indeed.

It isn't that all the comedians of other days were clowns of a rare and fruity flavor. Far from it. Though esteemed highly in some quarters, such as De Wolf Hopper, Fred Stone, Francis Wilson and even Jimmie Powers never seemed to be especially endowed with the true comic attributes.

Nor for that matter did such as Frank Moulan, Will Danforth, Ralph Herz, Jerome Sykes, Fred Frear, Frank Lalor, or Jess Dandy.

But there were many more who were to the comic manor born and they brought real riches to the stage. In more remote years they numbered, among others, such as Dan Daly, Pete Dailey, Digby Bell, Eddie Foy, Joe Weber, Lew Fields, Raymond Hitchcock, Harry Bulger, Sam Bernard, Thomas Q. Seabrooke, Frank Daniels, the Rogers brothers and George Munroe. And Joe Herbert, the Russell brothers, Joe Cawthorn, Dave Warfield, Otis Harlan, Harry Watson, Jr., Richard Carle, Harry Kelly, Nat Wills, Jeff De Angelis and

Walter Jones. And not forgetting Joe Coyne, Charlie Bigelow, John T. Kelly, Snitz Edwards, George Bickel, Harry Fisher, Alexander Carr and lots and lots of others.

Nostalgia, mother of self-deception, is working its wicked will? Avaunt, ye cheesecakes! Come down to the very yesterday, to only a relatively few years ago, and reflect on a stage inspired by comedians like Eddie Cantor, Al Jolson, W. C. Fields, Ed Wynn, Ray Bolger, Joe Frisco, George Jessel, Jimmy Durante, Jack Haley, Tom Howard and the appetizing like. And reflect then on the new comics who are disporting themselves in their places.

With the sole exception of the perennial Bobby Clark, whom age cannot wither nor custom stale and who is still without a rival, along with Victor Moore and Bert Lahr who, when afforded good material, which their recent vehicles have signally failed to provide them, are competent enough, there is not on the music show stage at the moment of writing one single buffoon in the former honest tradition. Melville Cooper, who jumps from musical shows to plays, though at times a valid merchant of humor, is hardly to be listed in the catalogue, since his forte is legitimate farce and comedy and since the music show often finds him awkward and uncomfortable in it. And Sig Arno is still an open question. Aside from these, the picture is a desolate one, so desolate indeed that when occasionally even some such minor madcap as

Rags Ragland or Red Marshall is drafted from the burlesque chambers he seems by comparison something of a gift from above.

II

Consider the challengers.

Olsen and Johnson, for all the success of the several shows in which they have appeared, are not comedians in the critical definition but performers who rely almost wholly upon routine, extrinsic comic stage properties to cadge laughs. Without in either case a trace of the natural inner comic spirit, they are descendants of the old-time vaudeville performers of the Withers' Opry House species who substituted for that spirit a wholesale stepping into paste buckets, plunging of heads into flour barrels, and falling off stepladders and down flights of stairs. Their verbal delivery has need of pistol shots to give it lift; their absent humor has desperate recourse to outlandish apparel; and their physical antics are confined to such ancient hokums as mimicking the gait of an effeminate, implanting boots in another's posterior, and throwing bouquets at the audience and — shades of Nervo and Knox! — snapping them back with elastic strings.

Zero Mostel, who is peculiarly favored in some quarters, hasn't even the elastic string to assist his eminence. A graduate of the night clubs like various other current rank pretenders to the comedian crown, he is notable

chiefly for accompanying his comic efforts with so copious a flow of perspiration that his audiences are to be forgiven for mistaking themselves at a Billy Rose Aquacade and for anticipating an imminent high dive into it by Johnny Weissmuller. Mr. Mostel's coup, which he repeats with the persistence of an incurable case of hiccups, is an imitation of a Senator confusedly haranguing his constituents and is not only so overly extended that what minimum of humor it possesses dies the death one-third of the way through it, but makes one sigh wistfully for all the old roughly similar and immensely funnier acts like Walter Kelly's Virginia Judge.

Billy Gilbert, Romo Vincent and Jackie Gleason are members of the fat-man school of comedy but, aside from their avoirdupois, are in the kindergarten class. None of them is intrinsically of any perceptible humor. Only the absence of a diet is responsible for their stage acceptance. Reduce their waistlines and buttocks and what you would have left would be simply a trio of indifferent musical show actors relying hopefully upon their gag writers to make audiences laugh independently of themselves.

Danny Kaye, at the moment devoting himself to the moving pictures but cataloguable as one of the stage's contemporary jackpuddings, is venerated by some as a fellow of considerable juice. It seems to others, however, that his competences are strictly limited and that, aside from a purveying of the old business of

shrinking coyness with a nance inflection and from the trick of being able to rattle off neo-Gilbert lyrics consisting of long strings of proper names or complex words, he has very little to offer. There is nothing essentially funny in his personality or delivery. He is rather merely an engaging young man with red hair who may be listed critically as a better than ordinary parlor entertainer.

Milton Berle is simply a wisecracker who puts over his material, which is almost entirely of the radio humor species, with an impudent strut periodically interrupted by falsetto antics. He, like some of the others, employs the night club master-of-ceremonies technique and seems less suited to the musical show stage than to a cabaret floor. And what is true of him is also to a sizable degree true of Jay C. Flippen, Jerry Lester and Eddie Mayehoff.

Berle, whose appearance suggests anything but a comedian — he looks much more like a male Powers model or a stock company leading man in such plays as *Strongheart* and *For Dear Old Yale* — presents himself largely in the light of an obedient funnel for quips, new and more often old, either borrowed by him from other comiques or contrived on his behalf by professional Broadway joke haberdashers. Flippen is a vaudeville remainder whose humorous technique goes back to the days of trained seals, German acrobats, and colloquies with the orchestra leader. And Mayehoff is a Zero Mostel minus the perspiration.

III

These men peddle the humor of others rather than any humor in their own persons. In them there is no symptom of the genuine comedy internal in such comedians as Clark, Fields, Cantor and the like. Not one of them could brew laughter from, say, the Professor Labermacher skit of George Jessel as Jessel does, or from the idiotic inventions of Ed Wynn as Wynn does, or from the French lesson sketch of Willie Howard as even Howard, an inferior comedian, does. There isn't in them, in truth, the comic resources of such lesser comedians of the immediate past as Hugh Cameron, Lew Hearn and Phil Silvers.

The Berle method — I nominate him as an example since the method is common to a number of the present wags who vacillate between the radio and the stage — is a combination of giving insult, after the Frankie Hyers-Pat Harrington pattern, and of suffering it, after the Victor Moore pattern. Thus, in the first case:

Berle: Why do you wear such big bow ties?

Vis-à-vis: You think they're a trifle large?

Berle: Large? Say, you don't have to go around looking like the nose of a B-29!

Thus, in the second:

Berle: Just look at me — I'm the flame of youth.

Vis-à-vis: Yeah, well you better put a log on the fire!

Or:

Berle: Miss, if I could only go out with

you I would be putty in your hands. Would you?

Vis-à-vis: Sure, when I have some windows to fix!

Henny Youngman, who shows up on the stage intermittently, has a somewhat more natural comedy gift but often invalidates it by allowing his night club master-of-ceremonies manner to intrude upon it and by forcing his humor upon an audience. He has an air of challenging his auditors, and the only comedian who has been able successfully to get away with that in some years has been Al Jolson.

There remains, finally, the still persistent Jimmy Savo. The label under which Savo operates is "pantomimic comedian," but it is to be allowed that the pantomimic part of the definition is rather more accurate than the comedian. As a pantomimist he is fairly expert, though endless repetition of the same acts has taken its severe toll of their effect. As a comedian, however, he leaves everything to be desired. Beyond the minor humors implicit in his dumb show, he brings to comedy very little — an unvaried and monotonous wide-eyed wonder, a periodic little vocal squeak, an immutable expression of puzzlement; and on the rare occasions when he has been called upon to speak, he has betrayed his total lack of comic delivery. Even in pantomime, some of which was originally not without its essential humorous possibilities, he has been guilty of such overly slow timing that the

possibilities have not been fully realized.

While passably adept in the dumb show direction, Savo discloses himself as fundamentally a not particu-

larly funny man and hence unable to embroider his pantomime, as really able pantomimic comedians have embroidered theirs, with the gaily colored strands of hilarity.



IF ALL THE APRILS . . .

BY HAZEL LITTLEFIELD

IF ALL the Aprils that I ever knew,
 Fragrant and rainbowed by their sunlit showers,
 Could bloom again, I'd gather them for you
 In one bright cluster of enchanted flowers.
 There would be windy moonlight, pear trees blowing
 White petaled-promises of early fruit,
 Lilacs, and ripple of wakened waters flowing
 Softly, where young frogs trill a throaty flute.

And you might hold the towering silent wonder
 Of clouds above a hill: your startled eyes
 Might pierce the lightning flash, but in the thunder
 You would not hear how wildly my heart cries.
 I give you all the beauty I have known,
 But keep the storm and darkness for my own.

RECORD OF AN INDUSTRIAL MIRACLE

BY BURNHAM FINNEY

WHEN the complete history of this war is finally written, historians will have to credit America's capacity to produce as probably the most important single factor which helped win the war. No secret or known weapon devised anywhere by any power at any time has been able to match the miracle of this country's mass production.

Long before the Nazis or the Japanese surrendered, they had felt the full force of our industrial power. We directed against the Germans more than four times the firepower that they could muster, against the Japanese a still greater superiority as yet unrevealed. The two-ocean navy authorized by Congress on July 19, 1940, was expanded into a fleet of five-ocean proportions. We have today over 100,000 vessels of all types, compared with 4,500 before Pearl Harbor.

We poured so many bomber and fighting planes into the European and Pacific theatres that on both fronts we were staging 1,000-plane bombing raids at will with little or no opposition and, even more amazing, were bombarding

the coast of Japan from warships that seldom were opposed from the air, sea or land. Never before in history has such a continuous torrent of weapons been poured into the front lines from the factories back home. Our enemies were overwhelmed by the sheer weight of our equipment. We produced in this country such a stupendous amount of war goods following December 7, 1941, that victory for us became a mathematical certainty. After Germany was knocked out, we proceeded to beat Japan on the production front with our right hand, while with our left hand we began again the process of making for the folks at home the goods that they needed for a normal life.

Within a span of thirty-six to forty-eight months we shipped from our assembly lines far more weapons than the Nazis had produced during more than a decade. During 1944 we turned out three times the war goods produced by Germany in her greatest year.

Let's get down to facts and figures. Our warplane production in 1939,

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when Europe went to war, was a mere 2,141 units. In the spring of 1940, when France and the Low Countries were being ruthlessly overrun by the Nazis, President Roosevelt said to Congress, "I should like to see this nation geared up to the ability to turn out at least 50,000 planes a year. Furthermore, I believe that this nation should plan at this time a program that would provide us with 50,000 military and naval planes."

Fantastic as the President's suggestion sounded, the rapidly growing aircraft industry more than made good on it. In 1942 it built for ourselves and our allies 47,873 planes. The next year the output skyrocketed to 86,000 planes. In 1944 the industry more than doubled its 1942 performance by assembling 96,369 planes. From the start of the national defense program in 1940 until June 1945, American manufacturers produced over 294,000 war-planes, including nearly 100,000 bombers — a total considerably higher than that of all the other countries in the world.

These figures do not reveal the whole story of what the airplane industry has done. To the miraculous expansion in units produced add the fact that the average weight of each airframe rose from little more than one ton in 1940 to about three tons in 1942, and up to five tons in 1944. As the war proceeded, the demands from the European theatre were satisfied and factories produced more super-giant bombers and fighters for long-range Pacific operations. The job

done through 1944 by aircraft makers was so colossal that they entered 1945 with scheduled production cut back from last year's level; fewer planes were needed this year than last, though the war was still going full blast in Europe and in the Pacific.

II

The shipbuilding story is no less amazing than the plane production story. Ship transportation became the vital link between ourselves and our allies, and between the factories at home and our men in the far corners of the earth. A multi-ocean navy and merchant fleet became a necessity to thwart the enemy's submarines and whip Japan. The private shipbuilding industry entered the war with ten yards containing 46 shipways and employing 60,000 people; at the peak there were 81 yards containing 300 shipways and employing 1,300,000 workers. In addition, U. S. Navy yards expanded immensely their operations in the building of fighting ships. Since our wartime ship program began, privately-operated yards have built over 7,100 merchant ships of all kinds and sizes including 2,600 Liberty ships, 460 Victory ships, and 895 merchant-type ships for strictly military service. In building 2,600 Liberty ships alone, our shipyards turned out, on the basis of tonnage, the equivalent of 325 *Queen Elizabeths*.

As a result of American industry's production during the war period, Britannia no longer rules the waves.

The United States has a navy that surpasses in size the fondest dreams of its admirals and that overshadows all other navies combined. In 1941 it numbered 7,695 ships. Today it consists of over 100,000 units, counting auxiliary vessels such as landing craft, mine sweepers, tenders, repair ships and harbor craft. We have constructed during the war 1,322 combat ships. In that total are ten battleships, eighteen large carriers, nine smaller carriers, 110 escort carriers, two large cruisers, ten heavy cruisers, thirty-three light cruisers, 358 destroyers, 504 destroyer escorts and 211 submarines.

It seems incredible, yet it is true that today our Navy possesses almost as many ships in various categories as it had men in 1939. Moreover, we have built in the last five years 56,000,000 tons of merchant shipping, the increase being five times our prewar tonnage and far more than all the rest of the world now owns. Thanks to the prodigious output of ships, two-thirds of the world's merchant vessels now fly the American flag. In six years we have multiplied our Navy thirty-two times and have accumulated more merchant ships than all the merchant fleets of the world had in 1939.

This accomplishment was not the result of the performance of our shipyards alone, but of the industries in all of our forty-eight states. The Navy's stream of supplies, in fact, is composed of over 5,000,000 items, from barometers to floating drydocks.

Before the end of 1944, the major part of the task of expanding our Navy and merchant fleet had been completed. Production of merchant ships scheduled for 1945 was considerably reduced from the previous year. While the war in the Pacific was still going strong, many shipbuilding contracts were terminated and the problem was what to do with the surplus yards.

American industry met a continuing series of crises connected with sea transportation. Early in the war our own merchant ships and those of our allies had to be armed against the submarine and aircraft threats. Guns and ammunition were manufactured on a rush basis for 6,050 merchant vessels. The submarine warfare alone necessitated the construction of 504 destroyer escorts in order to protect convoys.

Within a few months, after invasion plans had been made for Europe and the Pacific, industry was asked to build thousands of landing craft, meeting schedules that seemed impossible when first set up. The result was that about 55,000 of these craft were constructed for the invasions of North Africa, Italy, Normandy and the Pacific islands.

One point that should not be overlooked in appraising the job done in merchant shipping is the total absence of strikes in our sea-going personnel from Pearl Harbor to V-J Day. Not a man-hour was lost. No other segment of our industrial front can make such a boast for its wartime performance.

III

Along with the plane and ship programs went the vast job of producing ordnance — guns, ammunition, tanks, heavy and light trucks for transport of goods, bombs, light and heavy artillery, shells, and a multitude of weapons used on land, at sea and in the air. Our requirements for all these products far surpassed those of World War I. Ten million shells, for example, were shot by our forces in 1917-1918; during the war against the Nazis 8,000,000 shells a month were fired in the European theatre. The fire-power of naval guns has increased the last five years from 411 tons to 4,500 tons in 15 seconds. Over 36,000 tons of shells were fired by naval guns in the campaigns at Guam, Saipan and Tinian, 7,000 tons at Peleliu, 16,000 tons at Iwo Jima and 50,000 tons at Okinawa. In the last war 49,034 trucks, cars and tanks were sent to France from American factories. This time 411,184 assembled vehicles were landed in France ready to go. If the unassembled vehicles imported in crates were counted, we put into France over ten times as much mechanized equipment in this war as we did a generation ago.

In the last five years American factories have manufactured over 6,000,000 rifles, more than 5,000,000 carbines, about 2,500,000 machine guns (of which General Motors divisions made over 1,000,000), almost 2,000,000 submachine guns. Production of ammunition and bombs has run into

astronomical figures. Our factories shipped over 37,000,000,000 rounds of small arms ammunition — enough to furnish every inhabitant of the United States with 260 rounds. In addition, our fighting planes and those of our allies were supplied with 337,000,000 rounds of aircraft gun ammunition, and our artillery units received more than 3,000,000 rounds of ground artillery ammunition (production of ammunition is based on the formula of one ton per gun per day). For the big guns of more than 105 millimeters of which 9,000 were built, some 22,000,000 rounds of ammunition were produced. The many gigantic bombing raids carried out by our air forces were made possible by the extremely high rate of output of aircraft bombs: 5,000,000 tons.

Mechanization of our armies proceeded at a breath-taking pace after the Germans had demonstrated conclusively the power of their Panzer divisions. Our factories built over 85,000 tanks of all kinds, Chrysler with its huge tank arsenal having been responsible for 25,000. The tank program went ahead so rapidly and successfully that long before the Germans were whipped, some of the companies making tanks had gone back to producing locomotives, and companies ready to begin building tanks had their contracts cancelled. For these tanks over 130,000 guns were made, including large self-propelled guns. Our production of field artillery (55,000 units) and of mortars (71,000) was a prodigious accomplishment.

During the North African and Sicilian campaigns it became evident that large motor vehicles would be the best means, and often the only means, of transporting war goods to the points where they were needed. At that time a staggering program of producing heavy-heavy trucks (over two and a half tons) and light-heavy trucks (two and a half tons) was begun. The result is that in the five-year period up to July 1, 1945, 111,000 heavy-heavy and 660,000 light-heavy trucks were turned out. During the European phase of the war, half a million vehicles were used, ranging from jeeps to giant tank transporters. These vehicles made up the famed Red Ball Express that served as the main supply line from the beaches of Normandy to the German border and the front battlelines.

When the war moved exclusively into the Pacific, the size of the ordnance redeployment program in Europe provided some measure of the volume of war goods that we poured into the war against Germany. We planned to ship to other theatres — and the program was under way when Japan capitulated — 35,000 combat vehicles, 325,000 general and special-purpose vehicles, 11,000 artillery pieces, 2,800,000 small arms, automatic weapons and mortars, and 400,000 pieces of anti-aircraft fire control equipment.

In explosives we were caught shorter than in almost any other critical item at the beginning of the war. Our smokeless powder capacity

was pitifully small. The same situation existed in high-explosive TNT. But the construction program undertaken in 1940 and 1941 made possible the production up to July 1, 1945, of somewhat under 2,000,000 tons of smokeless powder and somewhat more than 2,000,000 tons of high-explosive TNT. These figures in themselves have little meaning unless one understands that our present facilities for making explosives are large enough to supply all the armies in the world.

An account of what America's factories have contributed to victory would not be complete without brief mention of the war goods furnished under lend-lease to our allies. The bulk of the goods went to two nations: the United Kingdom and Soviet Russia. The former received 42 per cent of all lend-lease goods and the latter 28 per cent. Most of the arms and materials sent to those two countries were used in the offensive against Germany in the west and in the east. We shipped to the British more than 10,000 medium and light bombers, fighters and miscellaneous aircraft; and that figure does not include thousands of planes purchased by the British in this country early in the war.

America's General Sherman and General Grant tanks were part of the famed British Eighth Army that drove Rommel out of Egypt, Libya and Tripolitania. British tankmen fought in American-made tanks in Tunisia, Sicily and Italy and later

against the German armored divisions in Europe. After March 1941, we shipped 12,750 tanks of all kinds to the United Kingdom. About one-fourth of all the munitions, equipment and supplies for the armed forces of the British Empire were produced in American plants. Our lend-lease shipment to Britain included over 100,000 machine guns, 600,000 submachine guns, 40,000 aircraft guns and 85,000 jeeps. The United States Navy leased to our allies 5,346 vessels totaling 1,037,000 tons. This fleet included one light cruiser, thirty-eight escort aircraft carriers, ninety-two destroyer escorts and nine submarines. The bulk of this fleet went to the British.

The saga of our shipments to Russia via the Arctic route and the Persian Gulf north through Iran has not yet been fully told, but the outpouring of American war goods contributed substantially to the success of the Soviet armies, from Stalingrad's heroic defense to the final campaign in which Soviet troops swept across eastern Germany and into Berlin. Up to June 30, 1945, we had supplied the Russians with 14,450 planes, including 9,700 pursuit planes and 3,800 bombers, and had shipped to Russia over 47,700,000 square feet of aircraft landing mat, equivalent to 60 miles of landing strip 150 feet wide.

The striking power and mobility of the Red Army were aided substantially by American shipments of 7,000 tanks, 3,200 armored scout cars, 2,200 ordnance service vehicles, 52,000

jeeps, 363,000 trucks, 35,000 motorcycles, 8,200 anti-aircraft guns, 135,000 submachine guns and 343,000 tons of explosives. The Soviet navy and merchant fleet were aided by receiving from us 105 submarine chasers, 195 torpedo boats and 7,600 marine Diesel engines. But that isn't all. To expand the Soviet's munitions production, we furnished machine tools valued at \$320,000,000, metal-cutting tools worth \$35,000,000, petroleum-refining equipment valued at \$43,000,000, electric generator sets worth \$171,000,000, 2,688,000 tons of steel, 17,600 tons of ferro-alloys and 810,000 tons of nonferrous metals. And to Russia, as well as to the United Kingdom, lend-lease supplied large quantities of food.

IV

The whole story of what industry has done cannot be told without mention of machine tools and raw materials. Machine tools are the basic tools upon which all war weapons are made. Leo T. Crowley, head of the Foreign Economic Administration, testified on June 26, 1945, before a subcommittee of the United States Senate Military Affairs Committee, that "machine tools are much more important in modern war than soldiers. Whereas machine tool capacity installed may be said to add arithmetically to the military power of a given population, the possession of knowledge and capacity to build quantities of machine tools effectively

multiplies that war potential in geometric progression.”

Fortunately for America, this country possessed in 1940 the world's best machine tool industry. Upon it fell the full burden of building the machines needed to tool our war industries. It fulfilled its part by producing in four years almost 1,000,000 machine tools—as many as American industry possessed in all its factories at the end of 1939. In forty-eight months machine tool builders made as many machines as they had in the previous forty years.

Aluminum was one of the shortest materials when the Army and Navy asked for tens of thousands of warplanes. Within a year or two, aluminum capacity had been enlarged seven times, and in 1944 we had an excess of facilities. Magnesium capacity was expanded 100 times; for many months prior to the end of the war the country had not been able to use all this new capacity. Under war pressure, the nation's alloy steel tonnage (alloys give toughness and strength and other special qualities to steel) was tripled, advancing from 7 per cent of total steel output to 15 per cent. To conserve our thin stocks of alloys, the steel industry devised and put to use a new series of low-alloy, high-strength steels, known as National Emergency Steels.

Our shipbuilding record was made possible by the unprecedented tonnage of plate steel produced by American steel mills. Output doubled compared with the highest prewar year,

exceeding 13,000,000 tons a year in 1943 and 1944. This performance was achieved by the quick conversion of continuous steel mills from their regular task of rolling thin sheets for automobiles and other consumer products to production of heavy plates. The steel industry as a whole pushed up its capacity 17 per cent during the war and in 1944 produced almost 90,000,000 tons of ingots, or 25,000,000 tons more than it ever did in the best prewar year. This extra tonnage is almost as large in itself as the annual production of all of Germany's steel mills when operating at capacity.

One of the most striking of all the war's many spectacular records was the building from scratch in less than four years of a completely new industry—synthetic rubber. The Japanese felt that one of their biggest trumps to play against us was the cutting off of our supply of natural rubber from the Far East. A nation that lives on rubber tires, they reasoned, would suffer immeasurably from this deprivation. But the Japanese failed to consider our industrial resourcefulness. We constructed new plants and perfected new techniques that made us able by 1945 to manufacture a larger tonnage of rubber products than ever before in history. Synthetic rubber production this year will be close to 1,000,000 tons. Our biggest pre-Pearl Harbor consumption of rubber was 650,000 tons in 1941. Synthetic rubber automobile tires, except for heavy-duty truck service, are as good as crude rubber tires. This

giant new industry is typical of what America has done, and can do again, if pushed into a corner.

The production path that led to our brilliant technical achievement was beset with many difficulties. Shortages of all kinds appeared along the way — machine tools, plant facilities, raw materials, components, manpower. War calls for constant changes in products resulting from battle experience, and for new products to meet new military and naval situations. There is scarcely a weapon with which we started the war that has not been improved or radically altered since 1941; and many new weapons have been introduced, such as the bazooka, rockets, the amphibious duck, the jeep, super-fortresses, jet-propelled planes and the atomic bomb.

Research and development work carried on both by industry and by government helped to perform the miracle. Such work gave us substitutes for strategic materials like rubber and tin, new metals and synthetics, weapons with greater fire-power, detection devices and other counter-weapons, vast improvements in radio communication and electronics; and it gave us these in quantity, through constantly improving mass-production techniques.

Production troubles inevitably accompany new products and design changes in old products. It takes time to get a newly-developed or newly-modified item up to the desired schedule. The "fluidity of war" caused

the production pendulum to swing sharply from tanks to heavy artillery to landing craft. Procurement of shells rose to a feverish point, then slackened to a much slower pace, and later shot up again. From the early cry of "too little and too late" our stupendous production enabled us to furnish "too much and too soon."

Few people realize that employment in our war industries pyramided to its all-time peak as early as November 1943, and then slid off steadily. From then on, our factories lost employees at a rate of 100,000 a month. By the time of Germany's capitulation 1,800,000 fewer people were at work in war plants than at the peak. Yet production itself did not suffer. That phenomenon is easy to explain: factories were able to increase their output per worker as employees became more familiar with making weapons instead of refrigerators and spark plugs. Take the case of the airframe industry. In 1941 its production averaged twenty-one pounds per employee per month. By January 1943, the average had increased to thirty-eight pounds, and in August 1944 it reached ninety-six pounds.

As output per worker went up, as manufacturing techniques improved and as management skill increased, costs declined, in numerous instances to one-third of the original price set. Here is a typical case of what happened; it was duplicated many times. In making the .50 calibre Browning machine gun, a refrigerator com-

pany got these results: it put into mass production a hitherto hand-made weapon; it made over 500 improvements in design, materials and manufacturing methods; it reduced the raw stock per gun twenty-five pounds, or more than one ton per 100 guns; it replaced in each gun forty-four pounds of critical materials with non-critical; it produced five times the initial schedule with twice the number of people and twice the number of machines originally required; it cut the cost to the government by two-thirds.

It is not surprising that a United States admiral observed recently after returning from the Pacific: "It is the production curve that won the war." Now the nation is asking whether that production curve can be maintained

in peace as it was maintained in war. The downward dip after V-E Day will naturally continue until reconversion is complete, but there is no reason why it should not rise again. The United States has the highest rate of mechanization in the world, and this basic advantage has enabled the American workman to produce more goods and earn higher wages than the workman of any other nation.

With such an advantage and such a record, the only thing that can defeat us is lack of confidence in our own capacity to organize our peacetime economy. Although there are some ominous storm clouds on our industrial horizon, it is difficult to understand how any reasonable man, in the light of the production miracle of 1940-45, can sell America short.



OUR senses can grasp nothing that is extreme. Too much noise deafens us; too much light blinds us, too far or too near prevents us seeing; too long or too short is beyond understanding; too much truth stuns us.

— BLAISE PASCAL

EACH of us is aware, if he looks back upon his own history, that he was a theologian in his childhood, a metaphysician in his youth, and a natural philosopher in his manhood.

— AUGUSTE COMTE

MOST of the misery which the defamation of blameless actions or the obstruction of honest endeavors brings upon the world is inflicted by men that propose no advantage to themselves but the satisfaction of poisoning the banquet which they cannot taste, and blasting the harvest which they have no right to reap.

— SAMUEL JOHNSON

BIBLE ODDITIES

BY MORRIS ROSENBLUM

IN DAYS of greater leisure, Dr. I Horne, a painstaking student of the Bible, estimated that the Authorized Version of the Old and New Testaments contains 3,566,480 letters. Another learned enthusiast counted 3,586,489. Whatever the exact figure may be, the chances of misprints are many. Some of these misprints are harmless; others have been of so startling a nature that they have even given their names to the editions. And very often they have changed the meaning of a passage and have led to great anguish.

About 1660, in an article called "Tye For Shame," Tom Fuller said that what would be noted as an error in other books must be considered impiety when occurring in the Bible. Though Field's edition of the Bible printed in 1660 was considered an unrivaled specimen of the art of printing, it was vigorously attacked by Bishop Wetenthal in 1686 because of an error which the bishop believed to be intentional. He was referring to one passage in *Acts* VI:3: "Wherefore, brethren, look ye out among you seven men of honest report, full

of the Holy Ghost and wisdom, whom we may appoint over this business." Field's text had "ye" for "we" before "may appoint." The bishop saw social implications in the misprint and thought it was the planned purpose "of those who would establish the people's power, not only in electing, but ordaining their own ministers."

At one time printers had to pay heavily for serious misprints. The omission of the word "not" from the Seventh Commandment in a 1631 edition of the Bible stigmatized it as a "Wicked Bible" and cost the printers a fine of more than £2000. In one edition printed during the reign of Charles I, *Psalms* XIV: 1 read: "The fool hath said in his heart, There is a God." For the change from "no God" to "a God" the printers forfeited £3000. Another "Wicked Bible" printed in London in 1653, had two glaring errors: "Know ye not that the unrighteous shall [instead of shall not] inherit the kingdom of God," *I Corinthians* VI:9; and "Neither yield ye your members as instruments of righteousness [instead of unrighteousness] unto sin," *Romans* VI:13.

MORRIS ROSENBLUM, book-collector and one-time private dealer in rare books, at present conducts a column, "The Antiquarian's Corner," in *High Points*, an official publication of the New York City Board of Education.

It is reported that the libertines of the period, when reproached for their licentiousness by the reverends, would produce these editions to justify their way of life.

The first issue of the Authorized Version or the King James Bible (1611) is known as the "He" Bible because of the line rendered, "and *he* went into the city," in *Ruth* III:15. This was changed to "and *she* went into the city" in the second issue, which accordingly bears the name of the "She" Bible.

These editions had many typographical errors which were subsequently corrected. One curious error, however, has persisted only in the Authorized Version. This occurs in the passage from *Matthew* XXIII:24: "Ye blind guides, which strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel." All other translations have the connotation of *strain out*, as in the Greek texts which use *διυλίζοντες* implying "to filter from a liquid."

The "Breeches" Bible, based on translations of Tyndale and Coverdale and first published at Geneva in 1560, is frequently listed in booksellers' catalogues at prices ranging up to \$400. This Bible gets its name from the translation of *Genesis* III:7: "They sewed figge tree leaves together and made themselves breeches [in the Authorized Version, *aprons*]." Its historical significance lies in the fact that it was published abroad by exiles from the persecution of Queen Mary and was the Bible used by the Pilgrims.

A few other curious Bibles have stemmed from the vagaries of translators. In the "Treacle" Bible, printed in 1535, "Is there no balm in Gilead?" has become, "Is there no treacle in Gilead?" (*Jeremiah* VIII:22). "Treacle" now means a sweet syrup like molasses, but in the original Greek and Latin it meant an antidote against the bite of wild beasts. The Douai version of 1609 is known as the "Rosin" Bible because it mentions "rosin" in place of "balm" since the Latin version contains the word, *resina*.

The "Bug" Bible of the sixteenth century is an entomological and etymological curiosity. Herein the passage from *Psalms* XCI:5 reads: "So that thou shalt not nede to be afraid for any bugges [in the Authorized Version, *terror*] by nighte, nor for the arrow that flyeth by day." The word "bugge" in Old English meant a ghost or an imaginary object of fear. It survives in the word "bugbear" and is related to "bogy" and "buga-boo."

The "Leda" Bible of 1572 has nothing to do with misprints or errors in translation. Borrowing a woodblock of Jupiter appearing before Leda as a swan from the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid, the printer placed it as an initial cut before the *Epistle to the Hebrews*.

John Baskett, one of a family of printers, was responsible for the "Vinegar" Bible. In the edition he prepared for Oxford University about 1717, "The Parable of the Vineyard" became "The Parable of the Vinegar,"

as a chapter heading for *Luke* XX. Thomas Baskett, another member of the same family, produced the "Sting" Bible. In the passage from *Mark* VII:35 he printed: "And straightway his ears were opened and the sting [*instead of string*] of his tongue was loosed, and he spake plain."

Political implications were read into the "Place-Makers" Bible printed in 1561. Here, "blessed are the place-makers" is found instead of "blessed are the peace-makers" (*Matthew* V:9). Later it was called the "Whigs" Bible because of the methods imputed to that political party.

The "Judas" Bible is an issue of the "She" Bible in which Judas is named instead of Jesus in *Matthew* XXVI:36: "Then came Jesus with them." In 1638 the "Forgotten Sins" Bible used "her sins, which are many, are forgotten" for "forgiven," *Luke* VII:47.

The "Discharge" Bible (1806) has "I discharge thee before God" instead of "charge" (I *Timothy* V:21). In the same year there appeared the "Standing Fishes" Bible in which "fishes" is printed for "fishers": "And it shall come to pass that the *fishes* shall stand on it," *Ezekiel* XLVII:10.

The "Idle" Bible (1809) is truly a misnomer, for no other book has the popularity in sales of the Bible. In this oddity, the word "idol" in *Zechariah* XI:17 suffered at the hands of the printer.

The "Rebekah's Camels" Bible (1823) has "And Rebekah arose, and her camels," instead of "and her

damsels," *Genesis* XXIV:61. The "Ears to Ear" Bible is so named because of the misprint in "Who hath ears to hear, let him hear," *Matthew* XIII:43. The printer, seized with sudden cockneyism, dropped an "h" and set the line: "Who hath ears to ear . . ."

The "Wife-Beaters" Bible gets its name from an explanatory note to I *Peter* III:2. In this 1549 edition of the Rogers-Matthew Bible, the annotator has added to the section on the duty of wives toward their husbands the following quaint advice: "And yf she be not obedient and helpful unto hym, endeavoureth to beate the feare of God into her head."

But even more gruesome is the title of the "Murderers" Bible. This one derived its name from a misprint in *Jude* 16. Instead of "these are murmurers, complainers," the sentence declaimed, "These are murderers, complainers."

Since proofreaders and printers are in the main responsible for these oddities, it is only just that the "To Remain" Bible, printed at Cambridge in 1805 and reprinted in 1819, perpetuates an anecdote concerning a proofreader. It seems the latter was in doubt about the use of a comma after the word "spirit" in the passage from *Galatians* IV:29: "Persecuted him that was born after the spirit, even so is it now." He consulted a superior who wrote in the margin: "to remain." So the cautious compositor set the passage which then read, "spirit to remain, even so is it now." Modern

proofreaders prefer the term *stet*!

Another odd Bible is appropriately called the "Printers" Bible. Writers whose works have been maltreated by careless printing should take comfort in this particular edition. For therein

the sentence from *Psalms* CXIX:161, "Princes have persecuted me without a cause but my heart standeth in awe of Thy word," has aptly been rendered as, "Printers have persecuted me without a cause . . ."

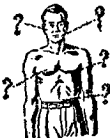


Fashion in the Olden Times —

The following is a woman's shopping list, bearing date 1719, which will give us a very fair idea of what a fashionable lady used to wear:

A smock, of cambric holland
 Marseilles quilted petticoat
 A hoop petticoat, covered with tabb
 A French silk quilted petticoat
 A mantua and petticoat, of French brocade
 A French point, ruffles and tucker
 Necklace
 English stays, covered with tabb
 A Flanders lace handkerchief
 An Italian fan
 A black silk *à la mode* hood
 A black lace ditto
 French embroidered and bosom knot
 Pockets, of Marseilles quilting
 Muff
 Sable tippet
 Lining, of Italian lutestring
 Turkey handkerchief
 A hat, of Leghorn
 A beaver and feather, for the forest
 A riding suit, with embroidery of Paris
 Three dresses, for the masquerade, two from Venice

— *Godry's Lady's Book*, 1858

Cancer has its hopeful
side!  It starts small,
as a malignant growth of cells
at one point in the  body,
and may  spread quickly.
But fortunately cancer often
sends out danger signals, 
permitting early recognition,
and if treated properly, it
can usually be checked. 

These are cancer's danger signals

1—Any unusual lump or thickening, especially in the breast.

2—Any irregular or unexplained bleeding.

3—Any sore that does not heal, particularly about the mouth, tongue, or lips.

4—Loss of appetite or persistent unexplained indigestion.

5—Noticeable changes in the form, size, or color of a mole or wart.

6—Any persistent changes in the normal habits of elimination.

Here's hopeful news. These danger signals do *not* invariably mean that you have cancer. They are signs that something is wrong, that you should have an immediate examination by a competent doctor.

At one leading cancer clinic, 88 out of 100 women who came for examination because they recognized a warning sign

proved *not* to have cancer. The important fact is *they were examined and relieved of worry*, while the few who had cancer increased their chances of a permanent cure.

There have been tremendous increases in medical knowledge and skill, and many improvements in diagnosis and technical care. But remember, medical science can cure cancer *only* if it is discovered early, before it has a chance to grow or spread.

No medicines can cure cancer. Beware of quacks and those who promise to cure cancer with drugs or other unproved methods.

Only three things can check, destroy, or remove cancer . . . X-rays, radium, surgery, used singly or in combination. *There are no short cuts or substitutes.*

Send for Metropolitan's free booklet 115L, for more information about cancer.

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Please send me a copy of your booklet, 115L,
entitled "Cancer."

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

SUMNER WELLES: DIPLOMAT DE LUXE

BY FRED RODELL

WHEN a man seems just to miss greatness, to fall inches short of ultimate achievement, the riddle's answer can sometimes be found by turning to those old familiar twins — heredity and environment. It is the tragedy of Sumner Welles that he was born a little gentleman in a nation of rough-necks — and never got over it.

America's ace professional diplomat, the old State Department's "Mr. Icicle," has often been compared to Britain's Anthony Eden. The analogy is something less than apt. True, both embody the cool, precise, impeccably-dressed-and-mannered appeal of a movie hero just graying at the temples; both, in their official acts, once seemed to glow with a liberal light against the black conservative backgrounds of Britain's Blimp-filled Foreign Office and America's antediluvian State Department; both left their posts in disputes over policy, with popular support and sentiment, especially among liberals, strong on their sides.

What the easy analogy overlooks is that Eden is an Englishman. England, for better or worse, is not a nation of

rough-necks. English gentlemen are encouraged and trained to pop themselves into politics and still remain gentlemen from toppers to polished boots. Moreover, when Eden left his high post in the Chamberlain government, he left entirely of his own volition; he quit. Already back in his old office, he may yet achieve a still higher post; he may yet become Prime Minister.

Welles decidedly did not leave his job as Undersecretary of State of his own volition. For all the patently phoney stories of resignation "because of his wife's health," Welles was forced out. For all the patently phoney politeness with which Welles and his chief, Cordell Hull, used to refer to each other for publication, each had little but contempt for the other — and said so, in private. Hull, old and sick, refused to retire until assured that Welles would not get his place; in 414 pages of *A Time For Decision* — a detailed story of U. S. foreign policy over the recent past — Welles mentions Hull by name exactly once.

In such a feud on the rough-neck side of the Atlantic, the veteran

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feuder, the experienced political infighter, was bound to win. Even under gentleman-born Franklin D. Roosevelt — who, unlike Welles, got over it early — the “tall glass of distilled ice water” (Welles is six feet, three), “one of the few U. S. men who can carry a stick with assurance,” the “man with a bit of bad fish caught in his moustache,” was licked before he ever took off his gloves.

And unlike Eden, he is not so likely to be back. As an elegant elder statesman he will continue to turn out books; he is now busy on one about his favorite foreign field, Latin America. He will continue, in his once-a-week column — now printed by twenty-six U. S. newspapers and several in South America — to lecture the Welles-less State Department in polished polysyllables. He may broadcast occasionally, as he did from San Francisco — though the regular weekly program of comment he tried over Mutual last fall lasted but three months and died of dullness.

But Welles missed his best chance for a top spot in government when the friend whom he followed through Groton and Harvard would not take the political risk of naming him Secretary of State at a time when he seemed to have earned that honor. With FDR gone, that looks like Welles's last chance. Which may be the nation's loss but is Welles's fault. In order to climb up, he should have climbed down.

Welles's whole career has been marked by a single-minded devotion

to the correct, the mannerly, the honorable. He has always viewed international affairs in terms of these virtues — a sort of gentleman's code — and in terms of their opposites.

He was never much perturbed by Hitler until Hitler broke his international word. As late as May 1938, he was warning against U. S. indignation over German treatment of the Jews: “We surely do not advance the cause of world peace by undertaking publicly to assail the domestic policies of other nations.” A year earlier he had applauded the work of the diplomatically flawless but functionally farcical Non-intervention Committee for the Spanish Civil War in a speech which the Nazis hailed as “a fresh breeze from America.” He heartily backed and believed in the appeasement at Munich.

But when Hitler, in 1939, marched into Prague against his promise, a stunned and shocked Welles called it “the first unshaded instance of open thievery.” And in 1940, in his talks to Nazi leaders during his famous last-ditch peace mission for the President, what offended him most was the fact that they lied to his face.

On this same mission he found Count Ciano courteous and cordial, apparently a perfect gentleman. But of Il Duce he later wrote, by way of explaining the man's policies: “It should never be forgotten that Mussolini remained at heart and in instinct an Italian peasant.” Presumably, there was no *noblesse oblige*.

His burning bitterness against the Japs, like that against the Nazis, dates

only from the time when they started breaking the rules. After the sinking of the *Panay*, he was satisfied by the "admirably couched" Japanese apology. "The prestige and dignity of this country were fully upheld."

Revealing, too, is the fact that Democrat Welles's long-time idol has been that urbane, austere Republican, Charles Evans Hughes, whom he rates as one of our great Secretaries of State. By contrast, he could never stand colloquial, clam-like Calvin Coolidge; no American is treated so roughly in *A Time For Decision*.

Welles almost wrecked his own Good Neighbor Policy right at the start when he tried, as Ambassador, to treat the Cuban revolution of 1933 — a boisterous political picnic celebrating the overthrow of dictator Machado — as though it were a diplomatic tea party. No enemy of dictators himself, provided they keep things orderly and stick to the code in their relations with other nations, Welles has nothing but praise, for instance, for Getulio Vargas of Brazil — even though "constitutional government has, of course, been suspended."

The word "orderly" and synonyms for it are forever appearing in Welles's writings and speeches. His private postwar paradise envisions "a decent and orderly world." In order to secure it, he puts far less stock in the Four Freedoms than in smooth-running international machinery, well oiled by a dignified, decorous diplomacy.

If only, he sometimes seems to sigh, the world would learn to conduct

itself in the same proper, predictable manner in which Sumner Welles has conducted himself ever since he was born.

II

Benjamin Sumner Welles — who soon dropped the somewhat plebeian Benjamin — was born in New York City and into the Social Register on October 14, 1892. It is not true, as often rumored, that he wore white gloves as a child at play; it is true that his Groton and Harvard classmates — the latter including Junius Spencer Morgan, Nicholas Roosevelt, Gilbert Seldes, and Harvard's present President James Conant — remember him best, if at all, for his Brooks Brothers suitings, his stickpin, his stiff collar and manner. (Years later, when diplomat Welles was abroad for FDR, a Corn-Belt Congressman howled that Welles had been buying clothes in Bond Street, but was squelched by a fellow legislator's remark that that was "a good thing," since "our diplomats in Europe usually lose their shirts.")

With characteristic cool precision, Welles, even in college, knew just where he wanted to steer his life and so set his compass. To train himself for a Latin-American diplomatic career, he studied economics, "diplomatic trends," Spanish literature, Spanish culture, and he summered often in South America. Graduating into the State Department with the help of a little social pull, he was

shipped off for two years of educational exile in Tokyo. Paroled then to Buenos Aires, he fitted with happy impeccability into the suave ceremoniousness of Spanish-style diplomacy. He also learned to speak fluent Spanish; more recently, it has been said of him that "Sumner Welles can hold his tongue in Spanish, French, German, or Italian." By 1921, Welles, at twenty-eight, was Chief of the State Department's Division of Latin-American Affairs. But the real tests of his diplomatic mettle all lay ahead of him.

He passed his first test well. Sent as High Commissioner to the Dominican Republic, where American military occupation on behalf of commercial interests had created a liberal *cause célèbre*, he got the Marines out and got a native government going. Soon after, he successfully mediated a revolution in Honduras, taking both sides aboard an American cruiser when they refused to meet except on neutral territory. In 1925, however, when his hero Hughes was supplanted as Secretary of State by fidgety Frank Kellogg, Welles, fed up with Coolidge's complacent discourtesies toward Latin America, resigned from the State Department. That the feeling was mutual is indicated by Coolidge's clipped reaction at the time to a suggestion that Welles be made an ambassador: "So long as I am President, that young man will never even be a minister."

A few months before he cut all official ties, Welles had written an

article entitled "Is America Imperialistic?" with the answer coming out a loyal *No*. Because he half denied and half defended Dollar Diplomacy ("our record in general has been one with which an American citizen may well be content"; most critics of U. S. policy are "agitators" comparable to those who "promote racial or religious antagonism for personal or political ends"; the U. S. "must likewise be ready to assume the responsibility of offering its friendly mediation or, in extreme cases, its friendly intervention") this tract has often been cited against his Good Neighborly sincerity. And it was perhaps by way of partial penance that Welles devoted a goodly portion of the next three years to writing a massive, torpid, two-volume tome entitled *Naboth's Vineyard*.

Technically, *Naboth's Vineyard* is a full-dress history of Santo Domingo, or the Dominican Republic, where Welles once spent two years. Actually, it is a double-barreled documentation and indictment of U. S. imperialism in the Caribbean. Most significantly, it ends with a plea for friendliness and politeness in U. S. dealings with Latin America — as far better adapted to "obtain the results desired" than "military occupation, military intervention, or armed supervision of elections." Here was the genesis of Franklin Roosevelt's Good Neighbor Policy.

Welles first met FDR when he served as a thirteen-year-old page boy at the Roosevelt-Roosevelt wedding. Twenty-seven years later, Welles — married to a wealthy second wife and,

as always, a devoted Democrat — was a heavy contributor to FDR's first campaign. Rewarded with an Assistant Secretaryship of State, Welles took one sentence out of Roosevelt's inaugural address, inflated it into a full-blown Pan-American policy, and sold it to the President. Within a matter of days, he was on his way to ripe-for-revolution Cuba, to put his Good Neighbor theories to the test of action.

In *A Time For Decision*, Welles finds it "impossible here to do more than touch briefly upon the salient events of that dramatic summer of 1933 in Cuba." But the impossibility was not due to the paper shortage. And the story of that badly bungled mission high-lights the whole character of Sumner Welles.

The tone was set when Welles's ship docked at the wrong pier. He completely missed dictator Machado's gala reception, and when a fake "Communist demonstration" also planned by Machado got going half an hour after, Welles was ashore and out of ear-shot. For three months that were filled with mounting riots, strikes and political murders, Welles tried politely to "mediate" hated Machado out of office in order to avert open revolution. Then the Army mutinied, the lid came off, and Machado fled.

Meanwhile, Welles had picked a colorless moderate named De Cespedes for President. With four U. S. destroyers in Cuban waters and eight more plus two cruisers announced as on the way, De Cespedes was inaugurated. Proclaimed Welles: "It most decidedly

is not intervention." But the Cubans, rejoicing in their release from Machado and wanting a liberal leader, thought otherwise. After two weeks during which the Cuban government was said to be run from Welles's American embassy, the De Cespedes régime fell — before it could even confer on Welles the Grand Cross it had promised him. A liberal, Grau San Martin (who again heads Cuba today) was made President.

Piqued by the failure of his personal diplomacy, irked by what he saw as unpardonable irregularities, Welles made stubbornly certain that the Grau government was refused recognition by the U. S. He became the hero of every American commercial interest in Cuba from the United Fruit Company to the Chase National Bank. But Cuban mobs shouted "Down with Sumner Welles," hanged him in effigy, and even painted "Down with American Imperialism" on one of the cruisers Welles hastily hailed back to Cuba. Moreover, most of the U. S. press agreed with the Cuban mobs. When Welles was finally recalled, after three months of trying in vain to get Grau out, even the New York *Herald Tribune* exulted: "Plotting, intrigue and back-door diplomacy have thus far failed . . ."

By diplomatic and financial pressure, Welles, from Washington, eventually forced the downfall of the Grau government. His personal honor thus preserved, Welles publicly denounced the political activities of American financial interests in Cuba and brought

about the scrapping of the Platt Amendment — that long-time symbol of Yankee Imperialism which officially sanctioned American intervention in Cuba.

For Welles was not out deliberately to practise Dollar Diplomacy, nor to deny the Cubans a democratic government. That he managed unwittingly to achieve both these ends was due rather to a lack of understanding than a lack of good will. Neither background nor training had given him any comprehension of the dynamics of a nation suddenly freed from tyranny. To him, diplomacy, dextrously handled, was — or should have been — *in itself* the answer to any emergency. The superficial seemed to be the real.

III

Sumner Welles has grown wiser in the ways of the unwashed world in the years which have followed his Cuban lesson that the affairs of men can run deeper than the reaches of mere diplomacy. He learned, though late, from the Nazis and the Japs; he learned from the Russians, the Free French and even from his old friends, the Argentines. In *A Time For Decision*, he goes so far as to announce that “the world revolution is already here” and, more, that it is nothing to dread. Yet Welles, through those years, has never conquered what might be called his political aloofness; even today, though he grants the existence of seething political ferment throughout the

world, he seems to see it like a man looking down through a glass floor at something half unreal.

For ten years, from 1933 to 1943, Welles, as Assistant Secretary and then Undersecretary of State, was officially right in the thick of international affairs, yet always a little too far above them to catch the taste or the smell of them. Most of that time, he ran the State Department, administratively speaking; Cordell Hull was never much of a hand at executive detail. In the later years, with Hull often sick, Welles was Acting Secretary for weeks on end. Even when he was not, it was clear to many — and increasingly clear to Cordell Hull — that on matters of policy Welles was more likely than Hull to have the President’s ear.

His pet was the Good Neighbor Policy which he not only sired but reared, after almost killing it in its cradle at Cuba. His promotion to Undersecretary, in 1937, was his reward for staging so successfully the Inter-American Conference at Buenos Aires in 1936 — though FDR and the homespun Hull, both of whom attended, were the ones who personally stole the show. Thereafter Welles usually headed the U.S. delegations to the series of hemisphere get-togethers that followed. And despite the nationalistic tactics of the aggravating Argentines, who did not want to play ball against the Axis, Welles always managed to salvage at least a face-saving diplomatic triumph.

In essence, the Welles Good Neighbor Policy, beneath its veneer of

polite diplomacy, amounted to buttering up the Latin-American nations with one hand and beating them into line with the other. For Welles has always believed that the U. S. must dominate the hemisphere — but by methods somewhat more subtle than those too often used in the past. So loans, credits, purchases, all sorts of financial aid, were granted to the good boys and withheld from the bad ones. On a different level, when Hitler in 1939 invited Brazil's Chief of Staff to visit Berlin and march down *Unter den Linden* at the head of picked Nazi troops, Welles successfully topped this offer by asking the Brazilian to visit the U. S. instead — and to come here on a U. S. warship with General Marshall aboard as a personal escort.

The one big weakness in Welles's attitude toward Latin America was his utter indifference to the type of government with which the U. S. was dealing — provided only it bowed to this nation's international wishes — and his typical unconcern for the welfare of the Latin-American people. For all the trouble they caused him, in conferences and out, he was never nearly so icily tough with Argentina's native Fascists as he was when Mexico's popular government was provoked into taking over the property of foreign oil companies. (Said the *Nation*, for instance, his "crude efforts to bludgeon the Mexican government . . . belong to the dollar imperialism of the Coolidge days.")

Closely connected with Welles's Good Neighborly limitations was his

stand during the Spanish Civil War. In *A Time For Decision*, he calls the U. S. embargo on arms for the Spanish Loyalists "the greatest error in the foreign policy of this country during the past twelve years." But Welles, at the time — doubtless because he was so anxious to keep the many pro-Franco dictatorships in Latin America in line — was strong for that embargo. And even today he sees this "greatest error," not at all in terms of U. S. contribution to the Fascist conquest of the Spanish people, but solely in terms of the consequent threat to "American political and commercial interests" and in the likelihood that Italy would never have entered the War if Spain had remained a republic. It is interesting, too — and suggests the possibility of other significant omissions in his account of U. S. foreign policy — that Welles, in his book, lays the entire official blame for the Spanish embargo on Congress, without once mentioning that Roosevelt, with Welles right at his shoulder, asked for the embargo two days before it was enacted and subsequently opposed its repeal.

Welles was also at Roosevelt's shoulder at the time of Munich, when the pleas to European leaders to keep the peace were drafted; he was there during the months while oil and scrap iron kept pouring into Japan. And it was Welles whom the President naturally picked to make the European Grand Tour, early in 1940, to see if the "phoney war" could not perhaps be kept phoney or called off. This mis-

sion, doubtless already doomed to failure, was doubly doomed in Welles's gloved hands. It was not just that Welles, once the Nazis had gone beyond the diplomatic pale, had made public his sudden contempt for them — as in his sharp and scornful reply to Hans Thomsen's protest against Harold Ickes' blasts at the German government. It was rather that a man who thought it important whether foreign statesmen saw him immediately, or kept him waiting, was working on a plane which precluded getting to the root of things. Conceivably, a Benjamin Franklin or even a Dwight Morrow might have succeeded; never a Sumner Welles.

The following year, Welles went with Roosevelt to the Atlantic Charter meeting with Churchill. That Welles mentions the fact in *Who's Who* may hint that he had more than a minor part in the Charter's drafting. Certainly, throughout this period, Hull was in eclipse; Welles was clearly the State Department's head man.

But those who thought Welles would soon be elevated to the Cabinet were counting without Hull's dander-up tenacity and without Franklin Roosevelt's feel for political currents. In August 1943, just a month before he did resign, the press reported that Welles was on his way out. Explanations were various — and not entirely inconsistent. It was said that Welles was pro-Free French whereas Hull was against De Gaulle (though Welles, then and now, has always defended the Administration's appeasement of

Vichy). It was said that Welles was too pro-Russian for Hull's liking. It was said that Mrs. Hull and Mrs. Welles were incompatible.

Actually, whether or not Hull ever said "Either he goes or I go," his bitter jealousy of Welles forced Roosevelt to just such a choice. And FDR already had his eye on Senate confirmation of a peace treaty and a new League of Nations. Toward this end, the fiery old politician could be a big help — or, if crossed, a big hindrance. The frigid diplomat could swing no weight either way. Welles went.

But not before he must have contributed greatly to the late President's plans for a United Nations set-up after the War. For the scheme that is emerging from Dumbarton Oaks and Yalta and San Francisco was completely previewed, almost clause for clause, in the text of *A Time For Decision*.

Welles's postwar world is built on the old Wilsonian model — though his answer to the German problem is partition and his answer to empires is international trusteeship. (In a recent speech, he announced: "The age of imperialism is ended.") Yet Welles sees all such matters not in terms of human liberties but with a calculating eye toward the future of international finance and trade. His outline of a world government leans to form rather than substance. His ideas often make cold sense, but there is not much heart in them.

Nor has there ever seemed to be much heart in Sumner Welles. Both

his virtues and his shortcomings are, without exception, the virtues and the shortcomings of professional diplomacy — of which Welles has long been a well-nigh perfect symbol. As for the virtues, Welles was once described in *Time* as “absolutely pre-

cise, imperturbable, accurate, honest, sophisticated, thorough, cultured, traveled, financially established.” Conspicuously missing are those qualities of warmth and sympathy and understanding without which there can be no true wisdom.



HERB-GATHERER

By DAVID MORTON

SOME darker, stranger soil, somewhere,
Some other star, it well may be,
Will know the chemistry to bear
The herb I need for healing me.

Not earth, for all her various brood
Of leaf and root and flower and weed
Not any field, not any wood
Has grown specific for this need.

Some day I'll seek, and further on
The herb that's there to find and pluck;
Think of me, then, as one who's gone
Herb-gathering — and wish me luck.

THE ORDEAL OF YUGOSLAVIA

BY SAM POPE BREWER

THE day before I left Belgrade last summer, I ran into another American I knew in a garden restaurant with two *Partisanke*—girl soldiers of the National Liberation Army. Besides being young and pretty, they both were obviously well above the average in education and intelligence, and fervent in their support of Marshal Tito.

When it came out in the course of conversation that I was leaving for Greece, the two girls launched into a denunciation of the Greek "Fascist" government and of the Americans and British for their support of that government and of "Fascism" in general. That is a standard line of conversation among the Partisans (which is used here as the most convenient name for members of the National Liberation Movement).

My friend listened a few minutes, and when there was a pause, he said: "What do you mean by 'Fascism'?"

They floundered about in vague terms of "enemies of democracy" and "oppression of the people," until he

broke in and said: "We hate Fascism, too, but we think Fascism of the Left is just as bad as Fascism of the Right. Fascism is the arbitrary use of power by one group of people to govern without regard for the democratic rights of others. Fascist methods are Fascist methods, no matter who uses them, and you can see some of them around here."

The girls were indignant. They maintained that the things he considered Fascist were part of the necessary fight against "enemies of the people," but I liked his definition and after six weeks of observation in the country, I agreed with what he said.

Those girls were not of ignorant peasant or proletarian stock. They were well-educated and traveled and they had volunteered for the movement outside Yugoslavia, so there appeared to be no question of coercion; but like all the members of the movement, they had the conviction that they were right and that anybody who disagreed with them was wrong and hence had to be "Fascist."

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"There can be no freedom for the foes of freedom," is the slogan taught in the Yugoslav schools today, and the justification they present for treating all dissenters as outlaws. Intolerance, ignorance and old hates have made the democratic movement in Yugoslavia evolve into a Fascism of the Left, in which the admirable diplomatic ideals it proclaims are smothered in a cloud of bigotry, terrorism and injustice.

Since the Partisan — or National Liberation — movement began in the summer of 1941, it has gone through a progressive evolution from scattered bands of fighters into an organized army, then into a political movement and finally a government. It represented originally anybody who wanted to resist the occupier, but after the split with General Draja Mihailovitch, who apparently hated Communism worse than he hated the Germans, the Partisan movement took on a definite political color which began as democratic pink and wound up as the deepest red. But with the political views of the Left they have combined nearly all the characteristics of the Fascist state.

At Bihac, on the border of Bosnia and Croatia, the Partisans' delegates met in November 1942, and drafted their political program, a fine outline for democracy for a country which had had all too little of it in the past. At that meeting, the National Liberation Movement, headed by Marshal Tito, formed the AVNOJ (*Antifascističko Vijeće Narodnog Oslobođenja*

Jugoslavije — The Anti-Fascist Council for the National Liberation of Yugoslavia).

It held its second session at Jajce, in central Bosnia, in November 1943 and it met again this year in July at Belgrade to arrange for the constituent assembly which will draft the country's new charter. At the Jajce meeting it assumed the powers of a temporary parliament and formed a "presidium" of sixty-four members, including Marshal Tito, to exercise those powers between the full sessions of the AVNOJ. Throughout, the Bihac program was maintained as the movement's platform. Its aims as set forth there were:

1. Liberation of the country from the oppressors, winning its independence and achieving true democratic rights and freedom for all the peoples of Yugoslavia.
2. Inviolability of private property and provision of every possible opportunity for individual initiative in industrial and economic enterprises.
3. No radical changes whatsoever in the social life and activities of the people except for the replacement of reactionary village authorities and gendarmes by popularly elected representatives who will bear the truly democratic character of the peoples. All the more important questions of social conditions and state organization to be solved by the people themselves through representatives who will be properly elected by the people themselves.
4. The People's Movement of Liberation, which is fighting for the freedom of the people and for their social and democratic rights renounces any kind of coercion or lawlessness.
5. Officers who join the People's Army of Liberation are assured of a rank and

position commensurate with their abilities.

6. The People's Movement of Liberation fully recognizes the national rights of Croatia, Slovenia, Serbia, Macedonia and all other regions. It guarantees that the national rights of all the peoples of Yugoslavia will be respected and achieved.

The platform guarantees "true democratic rights and freedom" for all, and promises there will be no interference with private property or initiative and no discrimination against officers under the old régime, provided they are willing to join the new movement. Tito has never denounced that program and in fact has frequently emphasized that it is still his guide.

The joker is that behind all the clauses of its platform is the unwritten reservation that the National Liberation Movement — which though theoretically a coalition is in effect a single party — represents the Yugoslav people, and that anybody who differs with the movement, as personified by Tito, his ministers and the various grades of officials, must therefore be an "enemy of the people." "Fascist" has come to mean in Yugoslavia very much what "bourgeois" meant in revolutionary Russia — anybody who happens to disagree with the current party line.

In reality, the only people in a position to apply Fascism today in Yugoslavia are the Partisans, and all too often they use its methods. While proclaiming democratic aims, they are veering constantly away from them.

II

None of the "Four Freedoms" exists in Yugoslavia today. The only freedom is to move with the Party. That does not mean that Tito does not have a large voluntary following, but the highest estimate I have had of his strength from experienced observers in the country was 15 per cent of the country in active support, and an additional 20 per cent passively approving. That is probably stronger than the following behind King Peter, but it is nothing like the 90 to 95 per cent the Partisans claim.

Mihailovitch has become almost a negligible factor. It is pretty generally believed in Yugoslavia, rightly or wrongly, that he trafficked with the enemy, and the only people who would support him now would be a small group so fanatically anti-Communist that they approved even his alleged collaboration.

The mass of the people, as in any country, were not violent supporters of anybody in particular at the time of the liberation. At the beginning a large number of them would probably have given Tito their full support in an election. Now, however, the ruthless methods used by a strongly organized and heavily armed minority to stamp their will on the country have cut this number considerably.

It is difficult to assess public opinion because the people dare not talk. To criticize the régime is to qualify as a Fascist and fall into the hands of OZNA (the secret police). I was

astonished nevertheless at the number of Yugoslavs who would blurt out their disillusionment with the new order to any foreigner they thought represented democratic feelings. These were casual strangers — soldiers given a lift on the road, men met in small-town *cafanas*. The Partisan movement is supposed to be backed by just such people, but to them it represented chiefly fear and regimentation.

One common misconception outside the country is that the Croats are more or less solidly behind Tito, the Serbs much more inclined to opposition. Actually, there is at least as much opposition in Croatia as elsewhere, and as much support for Tito among Serbs as among Croats and Slovenes. The division is on lines of class rather than racial origin. Many Croat Catholics oppose the Partisan movement because of its association with Communism. Throughout the country, peasants who own a little land tend to mistrust the movement because they are afraid of collectivization. Property owners fear it because in spite of the Bihac program's guarantee, there has been considerable disguised nationalization. Anybody who owns a factory which continued to operate during the occupation risks jail as a collaborationist. The fact that he acted under duress does not help him, and once he is convicted, all his property, down to household furniture and personal belongings, goes to the state. Farmlands that were seized from German minority members or traitors are being

farmed collectively as state lands.

More recently, the announcement that mining properties would be nationalized seems to indicate that at least that plank of the Bihac program is being openly scrapped.

When it became evident that the rift between the Partisan movement and the King was likely to disrupt the country and cause further woe and bloodshed, Tito was persuaded to negotiate with Dr. Ivan Subasic, representing the London Yugoslav government, the agreement of November 1944 under which all democratic parties were to co-operate in the government. The resignation of Dr. Milan Grol in August was one of the indications that not all elements were in tune with the policies of the National Liberation Movement. Grol, one of the two vice-premiers, a Serb and a member of the Democratic Party, had been reported on the verge of resigning for some time because of disagreement over the dictatorial methods of the government. The other moderate of considerable importance is Subasic himself, but the problem for any of them when it comes to resignation is whether they would not do more good by staying in the cabinet to act as counterweights to the extremists. Up to the present they have not been able to keep much of a balance, however, and the Tito-Subasic agreement seems to leave the moderate democrats with only a nominal share in the government.

In relations with their neighbors, political kinship seems to be the guid-

ing principle of the Partisans, mingled with pan-Slav aspirations. Tito rather astonishingly lumped the Albanians in among "brother Slavs" in a speech commemorating the fourth anniversary of the first Partisan rising, which took place in Serbia on July 7, 1941.

"Yugoslavia," he said, "is no longer alone as she was in 1941. Today she has her big sister Soviet Russia as an ally. She also has a treaty of mutual aid and postwar collaboration in cultural and economic relations with the Soviet Union. Today Yugoslavia also has close ties with her Slav brothers, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria and Albania."

I saw Albanian units this summer in Yugoslav Macedonia; and an Albanian soldier confirmed reports that the Partisans had Greek units with them, too (ELAS men driven out of Greece when their insurrection last December failed).

III

Russia undoubtedly is the predominant influence in Yugoslavia, but it is another popular misconception to suppose that the country is full of Russian officials and troops and that they are running it. Foreigners frequently express surprise when they hear that Yugoslavia is not occupied by the Russians, but there is no excuse for it and no need. The Yugoslavs have adopted the essential outlook of the Russians; they undoubtedly get much counsel and support from Russia, and it is notable that in

the passage quoted above Tito mentioned only Russia among his allies. With the narrow conception of political "freedom" that is characteristic of the Partisans, they look on America and Britain with grave suspicion and not a little hostility because we do not believe in limiting freedom strictly to the extreme Left. In their eyes we thus become "protectors of Fascism."

In his July 7 speech, Tito did mention America and Britain further on, but on a very different note from his mention of Russia and their Slav brothers.

"Russia especially desires to live in the best of relations with our great allies Britain and the United States," he said. "These peoples have also shown tremendous examples of determination and self-denial in the struggle for liberation of mankind from its greatest enemy, the German Fascist invader." He mentioned, too, that "they helped us in this struggle," but he dropped several hints that there was a lack of sympathy and understanding, saying, for instance, that he had faith in "the progressive elements" of our peoples and was convinced that "they will not permit meddling with those achievements which have been won in this struggle." Though he spoke of conviction, there was a strong implication of doubt.

But the achievements he is so anxious to safeguard include political intolerance and violence. There are some excuses for this. Yugoslavia has never known democracy. Her people suffered in the past under an oppres-

sive police system, to whose officials anybody antagonistic to the current government was automatically Communist, just as today he is automatically Fascist, and was accordingly arrested and often brutally tortured.

During their long, bitter and gallant fight to rescue their country from the Axis occupiers, the Partisans rose slowly and painfully, under the leadership largely of men who had suffered at the hands of the police themselves. From hunted outlaws they came to be the absolute masters of the country. Unfortunately for the internal peace of the country, they seem to believe that revenge should go hand in hand with reform.

Any political leader who is strong enough to present real competition, like Matchek, is damned as "collaborationist," although the accusation against Matchek is one of the big factors in alienating Croat peasants, who indignantly defend their leader. The entire population now falls into three classes: those who are definitely with and of the National Liberation Movement, those who are rivals and to be stamped out, and the more or less apathetic mass, who want only to live in peace.

Education is being carried out by a sort of forced feeding that has an unpleasant resemblance to Fascism. In Belgrade, the city is divided into *rayons*, corresponding to the wards of an American city. Each *rayon* has a political committee (in the country there is one of these committees or *odbors* to a village). Each street also

has a committee and each block or large building has a secretary. There are constant political meetings to indoctrinate the people, in some blocks every day, in others less often. At least one representative of each family is required to attend. If he does not, the OZNA will pay a call and ask for an explanation. Political meetings are even held after school for all school children, and their parents are held responsible for seeing that they attend.

The OZNA (*Odeljenje Zastite Narod* — Department of Defense of the People) is the secret police. Headed by an able, honest but ruthless and fanatical veteran of the movement, Maj. Gen. Aleksander Rankovitch, the OZNA penetrates everywhere and keeps tabs on everybody. Its organization is something of a mystery, but as nearly as can be determined, it is not answerable to anybody but Tito, through Rankovitch.

One woman was arrested last summer for walking past the prison where her sixteen-year-old son was confined. She hoped he might be able to see her and get some comfort from it. She was held all day, interrogated, and released with a warning not to come past there again. She later heard a rumor that the boy had been tried the next day and sentenced to imprisonment, but she could not find out what really happened. His crime was that he refused to disavow the King and renounce his declared allegiance to the Royalist Party. (Peter still was and still is King, though to

achieve some measure of unity in the country he appointed three regents to rule in his place.)

Individual cases could be multiplied indefinitely. Unfortunately, it is dangerous to speak of them because there is always the risk of reprisals against innocent persons simply because their woes have been made known. One of the worst torments they suffer is uncertainty. People seized by the OZNA pass out of the lives of their families.

IV

With all of this go numerous little tricks of Fascism adopted presumably because they have been successful in the past, tricks that would be more amusing than sinister if it were not for the tendencies they indicate. When Tito appears in public, for instance, the crowd bursts out in rhythmic roars of: "Ti-to, Ti-to, Ti-to . . ." just as Italian crowds used to bawl "Du-ce, Du-ce, Du-ce . . ."

The Partisans use the painted slogans so beloved of the Italian Fascists. When Tito goes on an official trip, hundreds of soldiers turn out to paint slogans across the road every few yards and on the stones lining the roads, one letter to a stone. The movement's war-cry *Smrt fasizmu, sloboda narodu!* (Death to Fascism, freedom for the people!) is painted everywhere, including the Belgrade street-cars which all have it neatly painted in huge letters on their sides. It is the official conclusion of all official docu-

ments, and though the sentiment is laudable, there is something in the way it is used that is uncomfortably suggestive of the *Heil Hitler* and *Arriba España* of Fascist movements.

Tito promised in his July 7 speech, which was a pretty full statement of policy, that in the scheduled elections everybody would be entirely free to vote as he wished for the régime he wished; but the election law has a joker in it which makes it easy to exclude opponents. It provides the right to vote for everybody, regardless of age or sex, who took an active part in the resistance movement. That gives a vote to thousands of children ranging in age from seven or eight on up. (In Yugoslavia today it is not unusual to see a lieutenant or captain of fourteen or fifteen strutting about, armed to the teeth.) The law also says that nobody who collaborated with the Axis may vote. Since only a small percentage took part in actual operations against the enemy, and since anybody who did not do so is open to accusations of collaboration, it is easy to restrict the voting almost entirely to active members of the Partisan movement.

In any case, the presence of armed Partisans on all sides is not conducive to independent thinking on the part of the voters. Any elections held in the present circumstances must reflect the views of Partisan leaders rather than the Yugoslav people. Their feeling is that they know best, and that the people must depend on their judgment, but that is hardly democracy.

WHAT DOCTORS KNOW ABOUT HEADACHE

BY ROBERT H. FELDT, M.D.

HHEADACHE is a prominent symptom in 10 per cent of all patients who consult general practitioners. It is such a common complaint that drug manufacturers have flooded the market with hundreds of "guaranteed" pills and powders. Since there are more than thirty different causes of headache, the futility of accepting one special pill as a cure-all is obvious.

Proper treatment of any complaint depends on correct diagnosis of the cause. While the headache victim is experimenting with this pill and that powder, the underlying disease process may progress to an incurable state. Prolonged self-medication can lead to severe drug reactions and death. And too few persons are aware that large doses of headache remedies can actually *cause* headache!

Dr. Harold J. Wolff of Cornell University Medical College has contributed much to present-day understanding of the cause of headache. His observations were made during brain operations in which local anesthetics were used. Specially selected patients who were undergoing a necessary operation for tumor or some other lesion

willingly co-operated with Dr. Wolff. Probing, cutting or compressing the brain substance did not cause the least discomfort to the patients. Similarly the skull and most of the lining membranes were found to be insensitive. On the other hand, when the arteries and veins of the head were subjected to painful stimuli, the patients complained of headache. These and other experiments led Dr. Wolff to conclude that when headache is of intracranial origin it is usually caused by traction, inflammation, or engorgement of the pain-sensitive arteries and veins of the head.

Aside from local conditions such as eye strain and sinusitis, most headaches can be divided into two main classes from a causative standpoint. The class of headaches of intracranial origin includes those due to migraine, allergy, over-production of histamine, high blood pressure, fever, infection, brain tumor, brain abscess, cerebral hemorrhage, cerebral arteriosclerosis, uremic poisoning and Bright's disease, brain injury with or without skull fracture, meningitis, poliomyelitis, syphilis, tuberculosis, malaria,

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the toxemias of pregnancy and over-indulgence in alcohol. As a general rule, headaches of this class are deep-seated and throbbing in character.

II

The other great class consists of headaches of extracranial origin: the superficial and vise-like or drawing type caused by prolonged contraction of the scalp and neck muscles. Doctors call them psychogenic or nervous headaches because they are brought on by emotional strain and tension. Prominent precipitating factors are anger, fear, worry, anxiety, rage, frustration, emotional conflict and feelings of insecurity, inadequacy, or guilt.

In the case of migraine, a temporary engorgement of the arteries inside the skull produces periodic sick headaches. A person subject to migraine can usually tell when an attack is coming on because of the warning aura. This takes the form of zigzag and scintillating flashes of light which obscure more and more of the visual fields.

About twenty minutes after the onset of the aura, a severe throbbing headache begins. It is most often confined to one-half of the head — hemi-crania. Nausea and vomiting add to the distress. If bile is vomited, the patient may wrongly attribute his symptoms to "biliousness." In a severe attack, the least noise, strong light, or other external stimuli can cause paroxysms of intense pain. Such a

headache may — if allowed to go untreated — last for twenty-four hours.

Migraine is the most common of all headaches due to abnormalities of the cerebral arteries. Women are more often afflicted than men. Attacks may precede the menstrual period, but are not necessarily associated with it. Though the headaches commonly disappear with the menopause, premature surgical induction of the climacteric does not always bring relief.

Most sufferers from migraine, whether men or women, have a characteristic personality type. They are perfectionists, acutely sensitive, often artistic, tense and emotional. Some of them are the victims of chronic repressed rage, with attacks of migraine often following an emotional storm. Such patients must learn to live calmly and avoid situations which will precipitate a psychic explosion.

In desperation, many migraine victims turn from one patent medicine to another without obtaining relief. They fail to recognize that their headaches are migrainous in type or they are unaware that a specific drug treatment has been perfected. The drug, ergotamine tartrate, has long been used to control obstetrical hemorrhages. The latest studies show that it will relieve 80 or 90 per cent of attacks of migraine if administered in time. When a pill or hypodermic injection of the drug is taken at the beginning of a migraine aura, it often brings relief within fifteen minutes and before the headache actually gets started. In other cases, it may require

two hours for the medicine to take effect.

Doctors do not yet know just how or why ergotamine tartrate works. But they do know that its action is specific for migraine and completely ineffective in the treatment of other types of headaches. The drug must be administered under close medical supervision because it may have certain potentially harmful side-effects. Doctors hesitate to use it when the migraine attacks occur as frequently as two or three times a week. Dr. Walter C. Alvarez of the Mayo Clinic has devised a safer if less practicable method of treatment for these patients. He has found that the inhalation of pure oxygen through a special mask will relieve migraine as effectively as ergotamine tartrate.

Sometimes migraine is an allergic reaction. Whether allergy, psychic trauma, or some other factor acts as the trigger mechanism, the migraine attack is similar. A Midwestern business man developed severe one-sided headaches every time he visited New York. Tests proved that he was sensitive to sea food. Now he avoids migraine by giving lobsters a wide berth. Though other allergic factors are more difficult to identify, once they have been discovered, migraine can be prevented entirely by abstaining from the offending food.

Since 1939, a new type of hemi-crania has been separated from the migraine group and classified as a distinct disease. Unlike migraine, it does not run in families. With its great

frequency, it is surprising that it had not been recognized before. Dr. Bayard T. Horton of the Mayo Clinic was the first to describe it, explain the cause and perfect a cure that is 95 per cent successful.

This new disease is brought on by transient over-production of a natural body substance, histamine. When the blood becomes loaded with histamine, the arteries of one side of the head become distended and engorged. Patients sometimes discover for themselves that they can obtain relief by pressing on the large artery in the neck. Checking the flow of blood in this way reduces the congestion of the cranial arteries.

A thirty-year-old soldier was tortured by histamine headaches several times a week for four years before the condition was properly diagnosed. He had tried numerous headache remedies without benefit. His suffering was so intense that he sometimes contemplated suicide. The attacks began at night with excruciating, burning pain in the right half of his head. If he was in bed when the pain started, he sat bolt upright because recumbency was intolerable. Within a few minutes, his right nostril and right eye became congested and sore. In a couple of hours, the pain disappeared as suddenly as it had begun.

Between attacks, the soldier was normal in every way. As a test, doctors at Walter Reed Hospital gave him a hypodermic injection of artificially produced histamine. This was followed in a few seconds by a head-

ache exactly like those he had endured for so long.

Following Dr. Horton's therapy of "desensitization," the soldier was permanently cured of his headaches. He was given minute injections of histamine twice daily for six weeks. The dose of histamine was gradually increased, but it was always kept below the level that would bring on a headache. The increasing doses of histamine finally rendered him immune to its effects just as inoculations with pollen extracts prevent hay fever by making the patient insensitive to noxious pollens. Now over-production of histamine does not cause a headache or other harmful reaction because he is no longer sensitive to it. Since he has been thoroughly desensitized, he requires no further treatment.

III

Distention of the cranial arteries causes the headaches of hypertension, but they are not necessarily related to the variations in the height of the blood pressure. They may appear at a time when the pressure is relatively low and, conversely, they may be absent when the pressure is extremely high. Many hypertensive headaches can be explained on the basis of chronic nervous tension or fatigue which makes the cerebral arteries susceptible to distention.

At a recent meeting of the American Medical Association, Dr. Edward Weiss of Temple University School of Medicine reminded doctors of the

relationship between psychic stress and the headaches of high blood pressure. He cited a typical example from a group of nearly 100 similar patients who had been the subjects of careful psychosomatic study. This middle-aged woman had suffered from severe frontal headaches for years. Her blood pressure was 200/120. She was involved in a family situation from which she felt there was no escape. The mental catharsis of telling her story to Dr. Weiss resulted in definite improvement. And within a short time her headaches disappeared, although her blood pressure remained about the same as before.

All patients with high blood pressure complain of headaches sooner or later — in some cases, severe enough to be disabling. Typically, they begin early in the morning. In severity they range from a dull ache to an intense pounding. They may be located in the back of the head, frontally, or on one side. Most of them disappear by noon, but hypertensive headaches have been known to last several days.

The treatment of hypertensive headache should be directed toward the causative factor. If some element in the patient's environment is disturbing to him, it must be eliminated because peace of mind and a life of tranquillity are of paramount importance. Drugs or an operation that will reduce the blood pressure will often, though not necessarily, relieve the headache. The most successful régime requires a combination of psychotherapy and medicine or surgery.

Overly conscientious business, professional and white-collar workers are especially susceptible to psychogenic headaches, which are most likely to appear toward the end of a trying day. Although they are called nervous headaches, the suffering can be as real and intense as that due to brain tumor. Resulting from emotional causes — often deep-seated and difficult to recognize — they account for a large percentage, possibly a majority, of all headaches.

According to Dr. Wolff, psychogenic headaches are due to sustained contraction of the muscles of the scalp and neck resulting from emotional tension. Victims of nervous headaches describe them as dull, burning, drawing, or pressing in character. Sometimes they start in the back of the head, spread to the vertex and finally involve the entire cranium as though a tight cap were pressing on the head. Others are confined to the frontal region; and still others seem to have no exact location.

Several characteristics point to the benign nature of nervous headaches. In the first place, victims have usually had them for years — perhaps all during their adult lives — without suffering any impairment in health. Distressing as they may be, psychogenic headaches seldom make it necessary to stop working or playing. They rarely interfere with sleep and are usually relieved by aspirin or a short nap.

Doctors believe that certain patients obtain relief through suggestion

rather than drug action. Continuous patent-medicine advertising seems to produce a state of near-hypnosis in suggestible individuals. After listening to the marvelous story of X headache pills day after day and year after year, they expect good results. No matter how ineffective the drug itself may be, the power of suggestion is a strong healing force. The most sinister aspect of self-medication for nervous headaches is that it can lead to drug addiction.

Victims of so-called constipation headaches are equally susceptible to commercial exploitation. The theory that intestinal stasis causes auto-intoxication and headache has long since been disproved by scientific experiment. Relief of the dull ache in the back of the head comes too soon after an enema or normal evacuation to make the hypothesis of auto-intoxication tenable. But many persons have the lingering notion that "intestinal poisoning" inevitably leads to head pain. Purveyors of laxatives and colonic irrigations make much of this idea, heedless of the resultant disruption of normal bowel function.

Chronic sinusitis is an occasional cause of headache and one that is sometimes overlooked. Sinus headaches usually begin in the morning and increase in intensity as the day goes on. They are apt to disappear spontaneously toward evening. They may end suddenly when some circumstance permits temporary drainage of accumulated pus. The pain is a deep, dull aching depending for its loca-

tion on which of the sinuses are involved. If those above the eyes are affected, the ache is frontal. Maxillary sinusitis causes pain in the cheeks. Infection of the deep sinuses leads to aches between the eyes and over the vertex or back of the head.

Coughing, straining, shaking the head or bending forward aggravate sinus headaches. They are less severe when the patient lies quietly in bed. Only temporary relief will be derived from aspirin and related drugs. Permanent cure is based on specific treatment of the infection by drainage, sulfa drugs or diathermy.

In the days before wide public acceptance of the need for proper corrective glasses, a large proportion of frontal headaches was caused by eye strain. Even today, however, a surprising number of cases may be traced to this cause.

If the headache follows a day of close application to reading, sewing, or fine work, if it is accompanied by congestion and burning of the eyes, the causative relationship is easy to recognize. Oddly, eye strain headache may appear in the morning and then it is sometimes confused with sinusitis. Ninety-five per cent of eye strain headaches occur in persons with astigmatism or farsightedness.

IV

Accuracy of diagnosis is the *sine qua non* in the treatment of headache. If the condition is of a type like migraine, histamine headache, sinusitis,

or eye strain for which specific treatment is available, needless suffering can be avoided. When proper treatment is applied, unexpected relief often comes to headache victims who have practised useless self-medication for years.

The dangers of patent headache medicines cannot be overemphasized. Reliable estimates indicate that nearly 200 different cures — including Bromo-Seltzer and B. C. Headache Powders — contain bromides. Chronic bromide intoxication accompanied by mania and delirium can follow self-medication with bromide preparations. This condition is a frequent cause of admission to psychiatric hospitals.

Acetophenetidin or phenacetin is an ingredient of Anacin, Emperin and many other headache pills. Prolonged use of this drug may result in a severe blood disorder, known as methemoglobinemia. In this condition, the chemical structure of the red coloring matter of the blood is altered. The lips, tongue and fingernails of the victim lose the normal pink glow and take on a cyanotic or bluish appearance.

The Federal Food and Drug Administration lists acetophenetidin as a dangerous drug which must be sold only on prescription if the dose within any one day is to be larger than fifteen grains (the equivalent of five Anacin tablets). The Administration adds that even smaller quantities may be harmful when consumed indiscriminately.

Many headache medicines are dan-

gerous because they lead to drug addiction. A common offender is acetanilid, the active ingredient of countless nostrums.

The history of an Illinois housewife is typical. For years she suffered from headache, anemia, weakness, insomnia, mental depression and disturbing personality changes. Although she understood the gravity of her condition, she repeatedly denied that she indulged in self-medication. Based on her charge purchases at one drug store, the fact was subsequently established that her daily drug intake must have been at least $12\frac{1}{2}$ grains of acetanilid.

One of the symptoms of chronic acetanilid poisoning is headache. This Illinois woman had originally taken the drug for headaches which were relieved at first. As her system became more and more saturated with acetanilid, drug headaches appeared and without knowing it she became the victim of a vicious cycle. It required a long period of hospitalization to cure her of acetanilid addiction. Having wholly recovered from the drug's toxic

effect, she no longer has headaches.

Ten years ago the discovery was made that aminopyrine (another headache remedy marketed under various trade names) could cause agranulocytosis, a serious and sometimes fatal deficiency of white blood cells. An enlightened and aroused medical profession and public has nearly driven aminopyrine from the market. The same reaction to other harmful drugs is long overdue.

The headaches discussed in this article are the more common types, and those of psychogenic origin top the list in frequency. From a health standpoint, psychogenic headaches are the least important because they can go on for years without seriously impairing vigor or well-being. Conversely, headaches of recent onset require immediate investigation because they may indicate the beginning of some serious ailment. But in the case of all types of headaches, it is wise never to take any patent headache medicines. The "cure" may turn out to be worse than the disease.



WHEN men can freely communicate their thoughts and their sufferings, real or imaginary, their passions spend themselves in air, like gunpowder scattered upon the surface — but pent up by terrors, they work unseen, burst forth in a moment, and destroy everything in their course. Let reason be opposed to reason, and argument to argument, and every good government will be safe.

— THOMAS ERSKINE: *In Defense of Thomas Paine*

THE GRACIOUS AND SPACIOUS DAYS

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

HAVING lived all but the first three years of my life in the conglomerate city of New York — which I alternately love and hate — I feel that I am literally part of the very granite and stone that surrounds me.

And when I look back now, rather wistfully, on what I like to think of as the gracious and spacious days, I am amazed at the simplicity of our way of living then; and yet — how happy we were! There was no such competition as there is today, with radios supplying us with a nervous form of so-called “entertainment,” and the gregarious screen with still another kind of shadowy joy. And worse, far worse, the threat of an atomic bomb to be forever in the back of our minds, to disturb our dreams of an ultimate peace. We stayed home and read in those sadly vanished days; or, knowing nothing or next to nothing of speed, we did not dash about in motors, but rode our silvery bicycles in leisurely fashion, having time, as a poet has said, “to stand and stare.”

Or happily, we walked. Certainly we had not learned to fly! And the man was counted a fool, or at least slightly off his balance, who ventured to predict the airplane.

In no way has New York changed more in recent years than in its social life. When one considers that in the 'nineties, and afterward for some time, there was a Society leader named Ward McAllister, and another named Mrs. Astor to be followed by Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish — and that no one could achieve a place amid the sacred Four Hundred without their stern approval — one sees how the barriers have been broken; that there isn't, in truth, any such thing as Society nowadays.

Only a few tattered remnants remain to remind us of the shattered glory that once was. Fashionable nights at the Metropolitan Opera are no more; and Mrs. Fish and later Mrs. Vanderbilt would turn in their graves at the lack of white ties and white gloves adorning the gentlemen who

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used to attend them in their boxes. Dinner coats (abominable phrase!) are now permissible. Who would have dreamed that diamond stomachers (another abominable phrase!) would no longer be a part of every *grande dame's* costume, and pearl and diamond necklaces tossed away, or left lying in almost empty safety-boxes. No more do our daily papers give descriptions of the dresses and jewels worn by the proud dowagers in the Grand Tier; and no longer does *hoi polloi* wait in the lobby and along the curbs to catch a glimpse of some society queen. Those once curious youngsters have been replaced by the small and big mobs who hope to get the autographs of the latest motion-picture stars.

I have often wondered about the social leaders of yesteryear. Whom, exactly, did they lead, and why and where? We read of monkey dinners, and other monkeyshines invented by an energetic comic called Harry Lehr; of extravagant balls and parties given in our metropolis; and long after dinner and supper, most of the guests stayed on, to have breakfast served, at about the hour when husky workmen were starting on their way to sensible occupations. Yet no stones were thrown at the costly draped windows of what we thought of as the idle rich. Cotillion leaders? Yes, there were smart young blades of the exclusive social world who were always to be depended upon to execute the dance figures with decorum and finesse; to distribute the favors to the

ladies with singular grace. Most of these young gallants were not idlers, I have been told. In a few cases they would inherit large fortunes; but those who could not look forward to a fond parent's inheritance had positions in the financial district, or with real estate firms that had the wit to be following the path uptown.

THERE was one great ball that created a sensation in the 'nineties; and it has gone down in history. It was the exclusive affair given by the Bradley-Martins in the old Waldorf-Astoria. Invitations were eagerly sought by social climbers — and firmly refused. Only those in the ultra set were asked to attend. There must have been many tears shed by disappointed upstarts.

The day after this ball, a storm of criticism broke over the city. Clergymen shouted from their pulpits that it was an outrage that such a lavish function could be given, when there were bread-lines only a few blocks away from the Waldorf-Astoria, and the poor were literally starving in other parts of the town. I remember that Father Ducey, a picturesque and eloquent priest in St. Leo's church on East 28th Street, preached a fiery sermon, denouncing the Bradley-Martins and all their friends. His was only one of many voices raised in protest; but, as in all such cases, there were those who upheld the giving of the ball. Such an entertainment gave employment to dozens of waiters, bus boys and kitchen help; to caterers and

wine merchants. Was it wrong thus to help the underprivileged? For months there was no single topic that created such a stir; in time, of course, it died away. The amusing and amazing fact is that the Bradley-Martin ball, for all its alleged extravagance, cost just over \$10,000.

A comical aftermath of the ball came to me years later from a friend who, young at the time, considered it a privilege to have been one of the guests. A *bon vivant* today, he admits with no shame that he must have consumed a great deal of the vintage wines served on that memorable evening; but he was in the early twenties, and thought he knew his capacity, as every gentleman should. Somehow, in the golden room where photographs were being taken, he missed an opportunity to be linked with a certain group. Hence, two days later, at high noon, he took a hansom to the photographer's — faultlessly dressed in full evening clothes.

At crowded Herald Square, the noon workers were surging out to lunch, and in the midst of a hurrying crowd, his cab broke down. He found himself swinging ingloriously to the cobblestones, his silk hat awry, and his overcoat flung open, exposing his white shirt and tie. Instantly he was surrounded by a screaming and laughing mob; and in his confusion he did the one thing he should never have done: he began to run from the scene. He was followed by a dozen or more bookkeepers, office-boys and stenographers, until he found refuge in the

Imperial Hotel lobby, to the amazement of those sitting there. Needless to say, he made no further attempt to be photographed.

WE HAD beaux and belles in those happy days; and thinking of a few of them, I found myself recalling the names of some of the beaux who gave a touch of romance to the period; and soon I was scribbling a ballade, after Villon, that may fall into this little picture of the past.

Oh, tell me now where they have gone;
On what far road do they now fare?
They may be ghosts all pale and wan,
Yet still both spry and debonaire.
Gay blades there were, like Harry Lehr,
Dancing upon this strange old sphere;
We miss them, with their courtly air —
Where are the beaux of yesteryear?

Gebhard and Whitehouse — many a one
Has vanished, to our deep despair.
Their light flirtations — these are done,
And ladies miss them on the stair,
Or in those gas-lit ballrooms where
Nightly their fine forms would appear.
Alas! no longer are they there —
Where are the beaux of yesteryear?

No more Craig Wadsworth, like a faun,
Dines at his club with red wines rare;
No more does Whitehouse trip it on
The polished Astor floor, aware
That he and Dyer always were
Essential, and without a peer.
Ah me! they were the kings, I swear.
Where are the beaux of yesteryear?

Envoi:

Princesses all, within the glare
Of modern ballrooms, far and near,
Do you not miss their Do-and-Dare? —
Where are the beaux of yesteryear?

Colonel and Mrs. William Jay, née

Lucie Oehlrichs, back in the late 'eighties and early 'nineties occupied a house in the West Twenties, then a fashionable neighborhood. Years later, just before she died, Mrs. Jay told me that in that remote and quiet period she frequently drove up Fifth Avenue in her brougham and bowed to many friends along the way. She knew every eligible bachelor of the town and would stop when she saw one she particularly liked taking his afternoon stroll by the Park. Needing a man that evening for dinner, one having dropped out, she would invite him thus informally to help her out. Or, in an emergency, she would call any of the smartest clubs and, being well known to the head stewards, inquire what members were in who played cards; and please to send Mr. Van So-and-so or Mr. Livingston to make a fourth at whist.

Things were both formal and informal, you see. One had to make a dinner call within two weeks—a nuisance, after the city grew very large. Cards might be left, it is true, and the corner of the bit of cardboard, if dropped in person, had to have the corner turned down. We are now far too busy and easy-going to pay attention to such minor etiquette. No one expects an evening caller nowadays; in fact, such a caller would be almost resented.

There were characters in our town—like Diamond Jim Brady, who wore the most enormous gems and dashed about from one theatre to another on opening nights at Daly's,

Weber & Fields', or the old rambling Wallack's Theatre, always with a pretty girl—or more likely two—clinging to his stalwart arms. And there was old Matches Mary, crooning of her slender wares—no one ever robbed her of one match from her handful; but many a coin and even greenback was dropped in her tin cup. She stood in front of some playhouse, her white hair covered by a black shawl, and the police never told her to move on; for that would have been like hurting one's own mother.

I recall a lady to the manor born—plain of feature but with that indubitable look of race—who used to attend every afternoon tea to which she was invited; for she had fallen on hard times, having lost the little she had saved for her old age. She lived in a hall bedroom in a shabby-genteel neighborhood, and looked forward to teatime because then she could surreptitiously fill the reticule she always carried—with sandwiches and dainty cakes that would serve as a light supper when she got home. Oh, not every night could she hope for this good but insubstantial meal. She knew long intervals through the year when tea was not being served; but she made the most of her invitations. One could not pay room-rent with sandwiches, and we used to wonder how old Mrs. D managed to get along. Even carfare is an item that must be considered, and she was asked everywhere because of her fine aristocratic background.

And then, one afternoon when it was raining and I had invited her to

leave the tea where we had run into each other and let me see her in my cab to her door, she broke down and for no reason at all told me her secret.

Because of her knowledge of all the oldest New York families, she could tell little harmless tales about them — never anything malicious, mind you, but something authentic and appealing; and she spent her mornings jotting down a great many notes. When she had a batch of them, she sent them to *Town Topics*, the tabloid of its day, and the checks she received paid for the rental of her small room. "But you must never tell on me," she whispered as I helped her out of the cab and up the rain-soaked steps. "My friends would think it terrible that I wrote for such a naughty sheet, wouldn't they? So I have to be awfully careful."

Dear innocent! If she could have lived to see our social columns now, with names given in full, in paragraphs just verging on libel, she would not have considered her items anything to be ashamed of in that quiet period.

IN MY early *Smart Set* editorial days, by which I mean the period beginning, for me, around 1902, we felt that we had found a good and suitable feature. It fell like the gentle dew from heaven into our hands from a society woman. Now, we were always hoping to get manuscripts from people actually *in* society, but we soon discovered that when they ventured to put pen to paper, a zero mark was

the result. Only Caroline and Alice Duer, Elisabeth Finley, and old Mrs. Sherwood, Chatfield-Taylor, Edgar Saltus and Julien Gordon seemed to have any talent for writing, and the title of our magazine soon came to be only a series of letters which meant nothing.

But in came the beautiful but somewhat notorious Mrs. Eddie Blank one day, widow of a gentleman of the old school, and a well-known clubman, from whom she had been divorced for some years. She brought to us *The Love Letters of a Dissembler*. It was wise and witty stuff, studded with epigrams of no mean quality; and Mrs. Eddie Blank, greatly in need of money, was willing to sell, in the marts of trade, anonymously, the highly emotional screeds that had been addressed to her so long ago.

Well, we bought them, not only for the magazine, for they proved such a sensational success that we made a little brochure of them later, and the edition sold far beyond our (and Mrs. Eddie's) wildest dreams.

A few months later I was standing on a small balcony at a smart country club on Long Island, where a horse-show was in progress. Two fashionable ladies, one of whom I admired for her ready wit, were near me, and as a highly polished tandem appeared, driven by a smartly appareled woman, one of the two said, looking through her lorgnon, "Why, of all things — that is Mrs. Eddie Blank! I heard she was financially strapped. How can she afford a tandem?"

"Haven't you heard? She has plenty of money now. She writes."

And instantly the other said, "To whom?"

THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW once wrote a short story of a young married couple who had come to New York to live from a small village; but the metropolis had engulfed them, even terrified them. They knew no one, and so became lonely and determined to go back to their home place. Then one afternoon the young wife saw in a shop a beautiful actress making a purchase right next to her, and she held her breath as she drank in the wonderful moment. This couldn't happen in Muggs Crossing, or any other Middle West town. It could happen only in New York. And that evening she told her husband they would not leave this city of excitement, filled with potential adventure.

Yes! after one has lived in Manhattan for any length of time, and tasted of its bitterness as well as its kindness, it is hard indeed to leave its shining turrets and towers. Absent from it for a while, one can cry out, with that gifted youth, Scott Fitzgerald, who discovered its beauty and finally fled from it, "I have lost my splendid mirage. Come back, come back, O glittering and white!"

I can remember many quiet and wonderful hours spent in our sparkling and noisy city; for everything is there — or nothing. Our streets throb with a terrible energy; but hidden away behind many a wall there are

gardens of singular peace and the lure of green things growing. It cannot be an altogether agreeable town, where Art flourishes.

One summer evening, I was lucky enough to be a guest at the Walter Damrosches. It was a very small group of us, and music was being discussed. I listened attentively to every word that our maestro was uttering about the new grand opera he had composed; and I learned something, I hope, of how an orchestra is conducted, as well as how notes of a score are placed on paper. And later, the great pianist, Harold Bauer, modestly asked our host if he could play for us. He felt in the mood. And soon we shared that mood, as his fingers swept over the ivory keys, and melody swept through the room and out of the open windows into the soft summer night. How many other listeners the pianist had I shall never know. It was enough that we had heard.

And there was the supper party given by my friends the John McCormacks, in their apartment at Sherry's, at a time when the astonishing tenor was at the height of his power. Someone had mentioned the Wagnerian operas, saying she did not care for them, and I saw a slight scowl come over John's face. He knew that I loved Wagner; and he lifted his glass of champagne, bidding me do likewise. After we had drained our goblets, he beckoned to me and his accompanist to follow him into the next room. There, as though I were the mad king of Bavaria in his private

theatre, I heard almost a whole act of *Tristan* sung as only John McCormack could sing that difficult rôle; and at the end John, with a twinkle in his Irish eyes, whispered to me, nodding toward the room we had left, "I wonder if she hates Wagner now!"

I was fortunate enough to be honored by the friendship of the late Daniel Frohman, the most beloved man in the world of the American theatre. He gave superb dinner parties in his apartment on the top floor of the Lyceum Theatre, and as he admired beautiful women, one was always sure to meet a number of them at those charming banquets — ladies of the stage like Laurette Taylor, Ethel Barrymore, Marjorie Rambeau, Jane Cowl, Ina Claire, Elsie Ferguson, Emily Stevens, and I don't know how many others. The walls were lined with photographs of actors and actresses, and in the dining-room there was a small peephole in the wall through which one could see the performance going on in the auditorium far below. The players looked like tiny dolls, but their voices, because of the perfect acoustics, came up clearly. Woe betide the actor who gave a slipshod performance when Dan Frohman happened to be watching and listening! (I must take that back; for D.F. was the gentlest of gentlemen.)

And there was the golden spring day when the distinguished English actress, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, came to my chambers to lunch with me and to discuss quietly the letters George

Bernard Shaw had written to her.

She looked magnificent, and her appearance almost overwhelmed me. After the dainty chops, the salad and cheese and Chablis had been consumed (oh, I had wisely asked her what she cared to partake of at mid-day, and I was glad that she did not say, "Just a bit of tomato or spinach," after the manner of so many dieting women!), Mrs. Pat brought forth the sacred correspondence, and read in that rich voice of hers the almost heartbreaking utterances of a great man greatly in love. There were passages of piercing beauty, and I felt almost ashamed to be listening to the glowing words that poured from the paper and from Mrs. Pat's lips.

She wanted my advice about publishing this holy correspondence; and I asked, of course, if she had Shaw's permission to do so. No, she admitted; but could not something be done to cause him to change his mind. As gently and tactfully as I could, I tried to make it clear to her that she could do nothing. "But these wonderful letters should be given to the world — this priceless parcel of beauty," she said in low velvet tones. "Undoubtedly," I answered. I did not, somehow, wish to use the phrase, "after your and his death."

Mrs. Pat, of blessed memory, wept a little, and went away with her precious letters. I never saw her again.

As I look back now on the gracious and spacious days, I remember how Kathleen Norris told me, coming from

California long ago to New York for the first time, she said to her husband, "Isn't it too bad we've arrived the week they're tearing up the streets?" And only yesterday she looked from a taxi window and saw the streets still being torn up. That, I think, is New

York's eternal way. And alas! it is New York as it always will be. A never-finished city. An iron lyric, the last line of which will never be written. For New York will never grow old. It will simply change, and change, and change.



HUNGER

BY SGT. HAROLD APPLEBAUM

ALL men are beggars to themselves
As well as minor kings,
And haunt the sidewalks of the mind
To plead for simple things.

A compliment, a woman's smile,
Words of respect from men —
The famished ego eats its fill
And he is king again!

DOWN TO EARTH

BY ALAN DEVOE

Leeches

IT is very difficult, however often we may remind ourselves of the statistics, to realize the multifariousness of creation. It is hard to remember that we are one single species of earth-life, amid a moiling and teeming aliveness that is nearly limitless in forms and numbers. Ourselves naturally central in our own world-view, we fall into the habit of thinking of ourselves as not merely central but almost, as it were, solitary. In this habitual vision of the world we picture Man as a strong, clear figure, dominant and in the foreground, and we picture the rest of creaturely life — if in fact it enters into our representation at all — as only a kind of dim and distant background: a few insects, a few mammals, a few birds, a fish or a reptile or two, the whole company not many and not of consequence.

The biological picture is of course quite other. Without entering into theological tilts as to whether man may in fact have a kind of specialness and centralness by virtue of psychic gifts which peculiarly make possible spirituality, it is in any case the fact that, simply as a life-form, we are one of a gigantic company: a company comprising innumerable species that fed and bred and lolled in the sunlight

eons before our coming, innumerable other species that may not impossibly (depending on what turns the planet's natural history shall take) be continuing to exist through an infinity of recurring similar cycles long after mankind has sizzled or frozen into nothing, and still other innumerable species which even now, at this moment, are engaged in the process of life-rituals closely akin to our own, but in myriads and multi-myriads which dwarf our own dimensions (in the physical terms of species-hood, at least) to nearly negligibility.

While men are breathing and breeding and struggling with their problems and presently dying, so are some four thousand other species of kindredly warm-blooded mammals. So are considerably more than a million separate and distinct species of insects, making up a total insectdom whose aggregate individuals could not be numbered in our mathematics. Perhaps two million of the beings called men have died in the late war. The being called a bacterium is also, in its fashion, an individual and a life; and two million such micrococci might live out their intricate and eventful life-cycles on one man's forefinger. It is not necessary to cite the dramatically tiny forms of

microphytic beings as evidence of the huge companionship, the gigantic dance of life, in which we are caught up as only one participant. We dance the life-dance in company with fifteen thousand types of spiders; we are a part of a fellowship that embraces at least two thousand varieties of snakes; while we picture ourselves, gigantic and alone upon an earth that is ours as dominion, there flies around our oblivious heads a cloud of fifteen thousand varieties of birds.

However unagreeably it may humble us to think of it, we are one small ingredient in a whole of unimaginable vastness. More, we are a part of a general and embracing interdependence. We are here at all because there is a woven relationship, so intricately threaded that the whole pattern of the weave is beyond our understanding, between ourselves and birds, between birds and vegetations, between mammals and fish, between suns and seeds, between every ingredient of the totality and every other ingredient. We are in no sense something alone and independent. We are supported by starfish. An owl props us. Earthworms minister to hold us upright. In certain Christian churches there is a difficult doctrine of interpenetration and interdependence which is called the doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ. A naturalist may propose, as certain fact, a doctrine in biological idiom that is not less stupefying: the body-entity of all of nature, and our dependent membership in it. The doctrine is indisputable; and to grasp it

has this result: that no creature of the earth, no life on it, seems any longer negligible or any longer alien. It is a part of us, and we of it. We partake in a common being. If we slaughter a bird, we injure, in a sense much more than merely mystical, the tissue of ourselves. When we regard a toad or a snail, we are regarding a part of our own total selves. We are not a lone thing, huge and isolated. We are a very small thing, and precarious with creaturely dependence.

We may not despise, any more than we may despise a brother or an organ of our own body, even a being so small, so dim, so remote from us, as a common blood-sucking leech. The life of a leech is obscure, and has, as it might seem, little grandeur. But it has this grandeur: that it too has its ingrediential place in the forming and maintenance of the great corpus of nature's whole, wherein we also are participant and contingent; and that by devious ways we are thus in a bond with it and a reliance on it; and that its life, for its particular rôle, has its own perfection.

II

A leech is a flattened, segmented worm that belongs to the same biological phylum — the annelids — of which earthworms are members. But whereas the earthworm is a dweller in the soil, and makes its diet of the humus and particles of vegetable matter it can extract from swallowed earth, the leech, save for an exceptional species

or two, is an inhabitant of water, and its hunger is almost exclusively for blood. Its part in the natural economy is that of a skilled and prodigious sanguivore, and in application to this destiny it is as devoted as a weasel to the principle of carnivorousness.

Leeches are of many kinds, and are found in several sorts of waters: a few in swift streams, where they cling to stones and stalks of vegetation in the swirling rapids, but most in slow brooks, still ponds, and especially in the weed-choked stagnance of wayside ditches. There are leeches of various sizes and colorings — some mottled, some striped and blotched,

some only three or four inches long and some nearly nine — and there are also variations among them in modes of swimming and specialties of diet; but with all these variations there remains a general thematic pattern. It is serviceable to exemplify leech-ways in the life-pattern of what is perhaps the commonest leech: the one called *Macrobodella decora*, the American medicinal leech, the common bloodsucker. It is a soft, flat worm, anywhere from three to six inches long, dull olive-green above, with spottings and specklings of red and black. Its belly is dull orange. Its haunt is slow or stagnant shallow water, and it lies there, hidden



Leech

Frank Utpatel

away under the stones or in the muddy murk of the bottom, to get away from the light which it dislikes.

At each end of the mucid strip of tissue which is a leech, there is a powerful muscular sucker. The posterior one is a sucker only; in the forward one there is a mouth. The mouth, central in the leech's natural history, is formidably fashioned. There are three bony jaw-blades, sliding together so that they can slice whatever they grasp rather in the manner of a tiny and exquisitely precise circular saw. There is a pharynx that is in effect a powerful suction-bulb, and there is an elastic storage-crop, fantastically distensible. Finally, the leech is equipped to secrete, whenever it closes its sucking mouth and makes its neat trifid incision in its prey, a saliva called hirudin. Hirudin is an irritant that prevents the coagulation of blood. While the leech-mouth is pressed, suction-tight, to whatever prey it has found and incised, the prey's blood can be kept free-flowing into the leech's sucking pharynx.

Mindless, unhearing, unseeing, the leech stirs into its dim but effective activity in the early spring. It has wintered at the bottom of the shallow water, just under the frost-line. About the time the frogs are rousing, the leech stirs under the compulsion of hunger. Twisting and writhing its flattened strip of body, it swims up in investigation of the stones and vegetations. Its preferred time is the night. Dull and few though its sensings are,

they are enough to give it the minimum information it requires for its hardly more than chemical participation in the adventure of aliveness. There are goblet cells in the leech's lips, which supply it with a taste-smell guidance to living flesh. All over the body there are cutaneous areas of sensitiveness to changes in the intensity of light: sensillae on each of the leech's segments. Clustered and concentrated sensillae serve the leech sufficiently as "eyes"; scattered sensillae respond to wave-movement, to vibrations in the water, and to the presence in the water of even very small quantities of foreign matter in solution. A leech may not have reached that developmental threshold where mind begins. But it has the wisdom of the flesh. It can detect, under the water, even the odor of a man's fingerprint.

The leech fastens its posterior sucker to a stone or a water-weed, and rears up its blind head and waves it testingly from side to side, in a gesture like a snake's. Responding to the detected presence of a frog, it looses its hold on stone or stalk and swims to the source of exciting stimulation. Softly it clamps both suckered ends to the unnoticing frog's skin; deftly the three saw-edged jaws slide together, slicing the flesh; sucking and salivating, the leech begins to gorge. It may extract more than its own total weight in blood. It will not require to feed again for months. For while it sucks, only the solid parts of the blood are being stored in its stomach-pouch,

there to be retained, if need be, for nearly a year. The fluids of the blood are being drawn off through the leech's kidneys: exuded, drop by drop, from the nephropores.

As primitive and elementarily organic as the leech's feeding is the breeding which commonly takes place soon afterwards. A leech is hermaphrodite. As leech-eyes are hardly differentiated from other areas of sensitivity, and leech-mind hardly independent of the general mind (or trend, or tendency, or chemistry, or what name one may like) pervading nature, so is leech-sex undifferentiated. Each leech is both male and female. But after the spring feeding, leech is nevertheless drawn to lie with leech. The two suckered strips of flesh cling together in a ritual of embrace. A mucilaginous secretion pours from glands in the two bodies and binds them fast. While they lie so bound, male sperm passes from the one body and is received in the vagina of the other. By June or July, the fertilized leech extrudes a pale yellow egg capsule; and within three weeks or so, there has come into being a new generation of leeches.

"Being" may seem, from our human standpoint, almost too strong a

word for the leech's life-experience, which is so near to non-experience. It may seem that a leech is hardly a life at all, so elementary, so unimaginably simplified, must be all experiences that come to it, and so meager — if in fact existent — its awareness of its adventure.

We may stay our contempt, however, with the ready reflection that our own life, could we look at it from a plane as above us as we are above leeches, might look a blind and feeble sort of thing. If, humanly speaking, we have our satisfactions, it is not improbable that leeches, leechly speaking, are also fulfilled. They fulfil, in any case, their place in the natural totality. They deplete frogs and snails and other creatures; they are food for trout and yellow perch; and they are thereby in bond, and consequentially so, with every other thing that lives. They are contributive to the total body of creation. Ourselves a portion in that body, and dependent on it, we may not despise leeches. A little understanding of biology must dispose us, as strongly as any Franciscan mysticism might, rather to regard even so lowly and lesser a being as a leech with something of the kindling comradeship of brotherhood.



*I*N THE body politic, as in the natural, those disorders are most dangerous that flow from the head.

— PLINY THE YOUNGER

THE LOG CABIN MYTH

BY STEWART H. HOLBROOK

OF ALL the countless myths which pass for history in the United States, one of the most cherished is that which has our noble forefathers of Massachusetts and Virginia living in snug log cabins. The myth came into being little more than a century ago, but it long since became so case-hardened, being tempered and enriched by picture and story, that it doubtless will be believed to the end of time. It is a harmless myth, and a rather pleasant one, but it should not be permitted to pass as brass-riveted fact.

Neither Captain John Smith, that stocky, cocky and competent pioneering genius, nor the firm, courageous and able Governor William Bradford, ever lived in a log cabin. It is quite likely that they never saw one. The first settlers of all, those at Jamestown, in their first year lived in tents, in caves, and in what were called English wigwams. So did all other English settlers for a hundred years to come. The English wigwams were patterned after two similar but slightly different abodes — the huts in which many miners in Wales made their homes, and the true wigwams of the American Indian. They were constructed of woodbine or grape-

vine, steamed and bent to form a frame or skeleton shaped something like the top of a covered wagon. The frame was then covered with thatch made of such reeds or heavy grasses, as best came to hand. Heat for warmth and cooking came from an open fire, not a fireplace as we know it, inside.

It was in such hovels that our goodly forefathers lived during their first year — often two years — in the new world. Then, as soon as they were able, they set about building the only kind of real house they knew, which was a frame house, made of timber, deals (boards) and clapboards, together with two chimneys in the Virginia settlements, one chimney in the New England towns.

Even when frame houses had been erected, the colonists had great troubles because the thatched roofs caught fire; yet it was many years before the English would adopt shingles or shakes for roofing. As early as 1631 this fire menace was so great that in the Massachusetts Bay Colony, Deputy Governor Thomas Dudley ordered that no man should cover his house with thatch. There appears to have been no public protest against this sensible order; yet many of the bull-headed settlers continued to use

thatch for several years, or probably until their houses burned down once or twice. That is the way it was with the English settlers, and they would have had a far better time of it, in those first harsh years, had they numbered a Scandinavian or two among their members, for it was the Swedes who gave to America the classic habitation that is now cherished as a symbol second only to that of the much newer Stars and Stripes.

II

The log cabin's first appearance in North America was in 1638 when the Swedish West India Company set up a trading post and village on the shores of Delaware Bay. It was the kind of house the Swedes had known in their homeland and it was exactly the thing needed to settle America. With no tool save an ax a Swede could strike out into the forest and within a short time have a most serviceable abode. Never was the theory of adapting a house to the land better exemplified. Yet, the English settlers who lived almost side by side with the Swedes on Delaware Bay were slow to copy the Scandinavian boon to pioneers; as late as 1680 the Delaware English were still living in their dismal bastard wigwams, or in frame houses. The English here and elsewhere in the American colonies often complained of illnesses which they laid, and doubtless properly so, to "wett lodging." The Swedes never did, for their homes were tight and

dry, almost mansions compared to the leaky hovels put up by all except the more well-to-do of the English.

There were probably two reasons for this failure to adopt at once the most suitable home yet devised for people pioneering in a forested land. One was that the migration by sea from England did nothing to change the habits of the English; they landed on the American shore with an unbroken, unadulterated cargo of craft culture. The other reason was the ingrained habit of centuries; to the English, frame houses were the only sort of houses. They knew of none other, save huts. Habits are most difficult to change, even unto craft culture, which seemingly has a good deal of the persistence inherent in such institutions as legal concepts, forms of greetings, superstitions and language.

The North Germans who arrived in 1710 also brought the log cabin as they had known it at home. By the beginning of the Revolution, but not much before, the log cabin typified all American frontier settlements. What spread its use was migration by land, the migration inland from the seashore. The newer settlers had to pass through successive zones of earlier settlements, and these scenes helped to break the pattern of behavior brought from the Old Country.

The utility of the log cabin must have been obvious on sight. Building it called for no saws, no hammers, no nails, no pegs, no plaster. A log cabin required no laborious sawing of boards

by hand, no long process of drying them. A log house could be constructed quickly by one man, and with incredible speed if a few neighbors helped.

It was the so-called Scotch-Irish, who began arriving in great numbers after 1718, who took the log cabin, which the English for a hundred years had ignored, and spread it to all parts of the frontier of the colonies. These Scotch-Irish found the choice tidewater lands occupied by families who had been settled for two generations or more, so the late-comers had to strike inland. On their way from the shore to the Appalachians these people were exposed to all the different kinds of housing in the many settlements, and with unerring judgment they chose the one best suited to the time and place. Westward into the hills they took with them the Scandinavian cabin. The log house also spread eastward, into the new colonies in Vermont and Maine. By the time of Lexington and Concord, the log cabin, substantially as we know it today, was the classic dwelling of the American frontier, well on its way to becoming a hallowed national institution.

III

It is usually a poet and an artist — a painter — who work in combination to give us Americans our classic heroes and revered institutions. In the case of the institution of the log cabin myth the combination was of a historian

and subsequent artists. It turned out to be just as effective as the more common poet-artist combine.

There is absolutely no evidence whatever to indicate that the American log cabin became a sacred symbol until 1840, or more than two hundred years after its arrival on our shores. Significantly, 1840 is also the year in which the myth itself was conjured up by an honest and well-disposed historian who did not reflect on the fact that the meanings of many words are not immutable but change with the centuries. The historian in this case was the Reverend Alexander Young; his book, the *Chronicles of the Pilgrim Fathers*. The word, the meaning of which he misunderstood with such lasting consequences, was "daub."

In composing his book, Young consulted all of the old journals and letters written by the ancient men of Plymouth, among them being the journals kept by the Pilgrim Fathers Bradford and Winslow, commonly known as *Mourt's Relation*, in which a storm of February 4, 1621, is reported to have "caused much daubing of our houses to fall downe." Young believed the daubing to indicate use of log cabins, bringing to mind the chinking of the space between the logs with moss and daubing the moss with clay to keep it in place, which was a common practice in Young's own time (1800-1854). But in the English speech of an earlier century "daub" meant to plaster; and the daubing that fell down in the big rain of February 4, 1621, was clay

plastering smeared over the clapboards or interior sheathing of the Plymouth *hovels* — not log cabins.

The Reverend Mr. Young finished his book in 1840. Mr. Young, it should be added, was a Whig. The Whigs in 1840 were running William Henry Harrison for President. An opposition (Democratic) newspaper sneered editorially that the White House was too good for Harrison, who would doubtless be content — continued the editorial — with a log cabin and plenty of hard cider. In this editorial was the death rattle of the Democratic candidate, Martin Van Buren by name. With whoops of delight the Whigs grabbed at the phrase about a log cabin and hard cider. They went to work with a will to show that Harrison's opponent, Van Buren, was a horrible dude, an aristocrat who loved silks, gold spoons and such trumpery; that good old Harrison, honest backwoodsman, was content with a log cabin and cider.

Once the Whigs saw they had a fine issue, they carried it to the extremes of political imagination. They erected huge log cabins in towns and cities as rallying places where the thirsty were regaled with oratory and cider as free as it was hard and which the Democrats weakly alleged had been spiked with clear, unadulterated spirits. Log cabins were carried as floats in parades. Badges and replicas in miniature of the sturdy home of American pioneers were distributed by the many thousand. Songs inspired by the subject made their appearance.

Consider that in 1840 hundreds of thousands of Americans actually had been born and reared in log cabins. They liked the idea that the cabin had come straight down to them from the immortal hands of the Pilgrim Fathers. It is wholly understandable that Whig Young, a-writing his history, leaned most strongly to the theory — which he alone invented — of log cabins at Plymouth in the day when moss was still green on The Rock.

Then, on August 19, 1840, the peerless Dan'l Webster, speaking at Saratoga, felt it meet to apologize for not having been born in a log cabin. But his elder sisters and brothers had been, he averred, and he was glad, for the Webster log cabin had been "raised amid the snowdrifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early that, when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney, and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of a white man's visitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada." The remains of this log cabin, Black Dan'l went on, with increasing sonorousness, still existed, and "I make to it an annual visit. I carry my children to it, to teach them the hardships endured by the generations which have gone before them. . . ."

So, the myth got away to a fine start. It had first appeared, in all the authority of the printed page, at a period when Americans had begun to marvel at their own progress. They had come a long way in a short time. Now living in frame houses, many of

them in mansions, they all liked to make virtue of their early struggles or those of their parents, with the savage wilderness. They had tamed it while they lived in log cabins; and forevermore the log cabin, the true frontier abode, was the symbol on their coat of arms.

Webster was not the only great man to speak of the crude dwellings of his fathers. From 1840 down through the years to the present day, Presidents, Vice-Presidents and lesser candidates for office have let it be known, with varying degrees of truth but always with resounding words, that they had been born and reared in the classic house of the old frontier. It was — and is — considered a wonderful advantage in attracting the vote of the common man.

IV

Graphic art, as usually happens, presently came forward to make the log cabin myth even more real. In 1860 appeared John G. Palfrey's monumental *History of New England*, and in it the author included a right pretty drawing which had been made by Washington Allston, one of the best known artists of his time. The drawing was of a handsome log cabin, and Palfrey captioned it "House of an Early Settler," by which he meant the Pilgrims and Puritans. Palfrey's history immediately took its place as the great authority in schools and libraries, not only in New England but elsewhere in the United States.

Then, in or about 1887, a series of pictures by W. L. Williams started to appear. One of these pictures is of an all-log-cabin Plymouth, as of about 1620. It is beautifully done, clear and sharp down to the last detail. It shows a pioneer village such as any American would be glad to think of as the home of his forefathers and the germ of the United States of America. This picture of an idealized Plymouth was reproduced by the thousands and framed and hung in almost every schoolhouse in the land. The same picture was made into a postcard and millions of them have been sent through the mails in the past half century, to be preserved in albums.

From the period of the appearance of the Williams' pictures to the present, there is no telling how many artists have made free with early colonial settlements and their mythical log cabins; but as late as 1925 the group of high-toned Yale professors who edited the handsome *The Pageant of America* included in its pages not only the all-log-cabin Plymouth, but a brand new all-log-cabin Jamestown by Artist H. A. Ogden.

Thus has one of our most popular historical myths been both preserved down to the present day, and enhanced. In 1945, a weekly news-magazine, in a story about a family of educators, pointed out with pride approaching awe, that all of the members of this remarkable family had been born in an American log cabin. One feels certain that this fact made them better, truer Americans than

would have been the case had they been born in a city flat or in a gaudy horror of the mansard era. The magic still prevails.

For a hundred years pictures of log cabins have been used on flags, posters, cards, letterheads, coats of arms, tableware; in advertisements of patent medicines, groceries, undertakers, banks, trucking concerns, hotels; and made into registered trade-marks.

For all these things Americans may thank Historian Alexander Young who knew not the seventeenth cen-

tury meaning of "daub," plus the Presidential campaign of 1840, and subsequent artists and orators. For the log cabin itself, however, we must thank those Swedes who unwittingly introduced what Americans believe to this day to be, and hail with pride as the sole distinctively American contribution to architecture, except for the steel skyscraper, and possibly the silo. Its arrival in 1638 was perhaps the most influential single event, and certainly the least known, to occur in the colonies until the Revolution.



I do not believe that any two men, on what are called doctrinal points, think alike, who think at all. It is only those who have not thought that appear to agree.

— TOM PAINE

*T*HE common fluency of speech in many men, and most women, is owing to a scarcity of matter and a scarcity of words; for whoever is a master of language and has a mind full of ideas will be apt, in speaking, to hesitate upon the choice of both; whereas common speakers have only one set of ideas and one set of words to clothe them in; and these are always ready at the mouth: so people come faster out of a church when it is almost empty, than when a crowd is at the door.

— JONATHAN SWIFT

*O*BSCURITY and affectation are the two greatest faults of style. Obscurity of expression generally springs from confusion of ideas; and the same wish to dazzle at any cost which produces affectation in the manner of a writer is likely to produce sophistry in his reasoning.

— THOMAS B. MACAULAY

BATTLE OF THE ROCKS

BY T/SGT. GERALD D. GORDON AND S/SGT. ROBERT W. HARVEY

DID you hear about Mac? He got the word that he was due to go back to the States, and that his ship was on the way out here. So every day for a solid week he climbed up on top of the watertower and sat there trying to spot the ship coming in to take him home. He was sitting up there looking for it before the ship had even left Hawaii!"

That's the story they tell about a Marine who was with an aviation outfit in the Central Pacific for nearly two years. One year of that time he had spent on the tiny, sun-baked coral island of Midway, where the flora and fauna consist of sand and gooney birds. The last year was passed on even tinier and even more sun-baked Engebi Island in the Marshalls.

Mac's ship finally came in and he went home. The boys laughed about his daily watch on the watertower, but they didn't laugh very hard. They knew that he had put in two years on the "rocks" and they figured he was entitled to his little display of eccentricity at a crucial time like that.

It wasn't wounds or combat fatigue that made him more than ready to get back to the States. He had never been in combat. It was just an overdose of the "rocks" — the name that servicemen have given to the thousands of little islands that dot the Central Pacific — the anonymous little squares of the vast checkerboard on which our trans-Pacific strategy was being played out.

The folks back home seem to have had two popular concepts of the war in the Pacific. Either they thought of their Marine or soldier as locked in a savage, hand-to-hand struggle with the Jap on some dark jungle path; or they pictured him taking it easy on a lush, moonlit tropical isle with a couple of exotic, grass-skirted native girls, dancing a hula in the background.

The less said about the latter version the better. Island scenes like that exist only in the minds of Dorothy Lamour's scenario writers, and if the girls at home are uneasy about competition from Micronesian belles — well, they should see one some time.

T/SGT. GERALD D. GORDON, former reporter for the *UP* and the *Washington Post* and *White House* correspondent for CBS, was with the *Fourth Marine Aircraft Wing* as a combat correspondent. **S/SGT. ROBERT W. HARVEY**, who was with the same unit, was a *Senate* and *House* reporter before enlisting in the *Marine Corps*. Both of these correspondents took part in combat missions over the *Marshalls*, *Saipan*, *Guam* and the *Ryukyus*.

The other picture is something else again. The fierce, bloody fighting, whether in dank jungle or on bomb-shattered atoll, or in the air, was the fare of many a Marine — took the lives or limbs of thousands. In most cases, however, the fighting was as short as it was terrible. More important, it was only half of the story of the Pacific war. This is the story of the other half that the headlines forgot.

Let's put it this way. A single hellish week at Tarawa is written in fame forever, and then Tarawa is classified as history; but it isn't history to the sailors and Marines who were stationed on its treeless sands for more than a year. It was a day-by-day life and a day-by-day job to them. They lived and worked in the backwash of the war. They're the men who were "sweating it out," and there were a lot of them.

II

What, then, is the story of this forgotten Pacific war? It's these tiny atolls and islands. It's the GIs who cleared them of the debris of battle, made them habitable, built them up, maintained them. It's the guys who manned the defense guns, sitting at their posts for maybe eighteen months on constant alert for an enemy who seldom, if ever, appeared. It's the Navy boys who ran the little patrol boats, the Marine fliers who patrolled the skies and scanned the monotonous expanse of blue ocean on the lookout for ever-threatening enemy subs.

It's the Army service units, the Navy Casu outfits, the Marine and Army defense battalions. It's the quartermaster men, the harbor crews, the aerologists, the Sea Bees who built the airstrips and kept them in condition; the boys who worked in the mess-halls, the paymaster office, the laundry, the post office; the radiomen, the ordnance men, the clerks, the aviation mechanics, the truck drivers.

All the guys who spent from fourteen months to three years in the Pacific — just doing a job.

For these little islands, almost microscopic in the incredible vastness of the Pacific, were pawns in the great problem of supply — what the military men call logistics.

First, they were way stations. They were stop-overs for the long, gray convoys heading westward — toward the Philippines, perhaps, and eventually toward Japan itself. They were stop-overs for the giant transport planes that made the long, lonely flights over thousands of miles of blue water, carrying passengers and mail and freight from the Hawaiian Islands to barbaric landfalls that nobody outside of the National Geographic Society had even heard of in 1940.

Secondly, they were sentinel posts, guarding the supply lines. Many of them little more than fixed aircraft carriers, they provided the bases from which our planes bombed and neutralized by-passed enemy territory. Their constant attacks kept these once-powerful Jap islands inoperative, and thus prevented them from becoming a

threat to our shipping routes. From the "rocks," a relatively small number of airmen were able to stalemate thousands of Jap troops still left in the Marshalls, Carolines and Palau — the neutralization technique which made possible the big jumps across the Pacific in so short a time.

These, plus the simple chore of garrisoning a captured territory, were the reasons for the war of the rocks.

Each of these far-flung bases has its own characteristics. Some are a little better, some are a little worse. One has some convenience that another lacks. One has better chow, the other has shower-water that doesn't smell like something had crawled into the water tank and died. Some got fresh meats and vegetables every once in a while; at others you subsisted chiefly on Vienna sausage, Spam and corned beef. At some, the men lived in tents; at others, they lived in tents with wooden floors and screened-in sides; at still others, they lived in quonset huts or wooden shacks. Some have trees; some don't.

Over them all the same scorching sun beats down, the same blue waters break in a white froth over the barrier reefs, and the same endless procession of identical days parades past.

Let's take a look at a few of them.

III

There's Johnston. That's the first one you'll hit flying out from Pearl Harbor, one we didn't have to fight for. It's about half a mile long. When you

first see it from the air, your immediate reaction is to wonder whether that crazy pilot up front is going to try and land the plane on that sand bar down below. There isn't a plant or a tree to mar the pure, clean whiteness of the sand, nothing but some garish yellow buildings, barracks and mess-halls. The glare of the sun on sand and water is almost a tangible, stifling thing. Men live and work on it, day after day.

There's Engebi. Engebi is a tiny triangle of land at the far end of Eniwetok atoll in the western Marshalls. It's bigger than Johnston — a mile long instead of half a mile. There are a few palm trees left on the island, too, but they are torn or splintered by the savage preinvasion shelling that ravaged the place a year ago. The fronds, if there are any left, are brownish in color, and they don't rustle in the wind — they crackle. That's where Mac spent his final year.

There's Peleliu. Secured at the cost of some of the bloodiest and most drawn-out fighting yet, Peleliu was our stranglehold on the Palau group on the western rim of the Carolines. It's maybe twice as big as Engebi, and it isn't all flat either. It has an abrupt spine of jagged ridges and cliffs — jutting dragon-tooth crags, bare and black where Marine infantrymen fought maniacal Japs holed up in impossible caves. In the moonlight, they loom up like a demon backstrip, the clusters of green tents, the Sea Bees and Marine ground crews.

Then there is Guam and its sister

islands of Saipan and Tinian. They're something different. There are rolling hills, plenty of trees and underbrush. The Navy is building "for keeps" at Guam — a paved, four-lane highway, a modern transport terminal, acres of warehouses, several airfields. Underneath the bustle and the trimmings, though, the pattern is much the same: aviation ground forces over the Orote Field . . . anti-aircraft gunners watching the Jap-less skies . . . Sea Bees sweating over their construction projects. Guam is a big and verdant rock — but it's still only a rock.

Guam and Saipan, however, have an asset that personnel stuck in the lonely Marshalls and Gilberts and Palaus considered almost legendary. They have civilians and they have cities, or what used to be cities before the war hit.

At Guam, the native Chamorros are like a breath of the States. They speak English. The girls wear bright-colored blouses and skirts, the elderly women appear in the long, gauzy, puffed-sleeve dresses that are descended from the costumes of old Spain. They call themselves Guamanians, not Chamorros, and they consider themselves as good Americans as anybody else. To watch them and talk with them is a tonic to rock-weary GIs.

As for the cities, it's hard objectively to consider them as that any more. Agana, the prewar capital of Guam, was smashed into a formless heap of concrete rubble and shattered beams by our naval barrage and the

progress of battle. It's hardly more than a ghost town. Yet one Marine, walking into its narrow streets for the first time, stopped to stare about him in happy amazement.

"Gee," he breathed, "a real town."

The sight of a scarlet Coca-Cola dispenser, twisted among the wreckage of what had once been a store, was the kind of sight he had dreamed of seeing again. It was a reminder of civilization.

Those then are some of the islands, just samples but typical. What about the life the men lived on them?

IV

Compared to life on a battleline it was a comfortable one. The difference was that a battle or a campaign ends, while the rocks go on and on. In the beginning, of course, in the days immediately after invasion, there were the dead and the smell of death, the filth and the blow flies, the dysentery and the dengue. Sometimes, as at Majuro and Ulithi where there were no battles, this period was omitted. At any event, within a few months conditions improved and the pattern set in.

You went about your work — that was the main thing. You went to the movies every night, regardless of what the film was — even if it was a three-year-old B picture that you had seen twice before. You read anything you could get your hands on. Three times a day you walked to the mess-hall — which may have been a two-by-four

frame with screens or else a luxurious quonset hut — carrying your mess gear and tin cup. At some camps, the mess-halls were equipped with tin trays, and you just carried the cup and utensils. The staples of your daily diet were C-ration hash, Spam, Vienna sausage, corned beef, dehydrated potatoes, canned corn, cheese and dehydrated eggs. These items were alternated with fresh food according to the location of your base, the length of time it was secured, the shipping demands of the moment and the trading ability of your mess sergeant. When you finished eating, you went out back and washed your mess gear in three scooped-out oil drums full of hot water.

Then you went back to your tent, held long irrational conversations and arguments with your tentmates, went to the movies, came back and hit the sack. To make the hours pass, maybe you started making watch bracelets and picture frames from scrap metal, or jewelry out of shells.

At some bases, you found other things, too. Many outfits had a beer ration, ranging from two cans a night to two or three cans a week. There were softball leagues, equipment for such sports as touch football, volleyball, horseshoe pitching, fishing. Swimming was usually available, though it was frequently limited and sometimes prohibited by razor-sharp coral bottoms, fungus, tides and undertow.

You had a cot and a mattress to sleep on and almost always an electric

light in your quarters. You washed and shaved out of your helmet. If you were lucky enough to own a radio, or your camp had a central loudspeaker hook-up, you could listen in to local Pacific Network radio stations that were dotted everywhere on the islands, broadcasting news, records and de-commercialized transcriptions of Stateside programs.

It wasn't a tough life in itself. The veteran of the rocks won't claim that it was. But he will point out that it went on, just the same — day after day, for twelve months, eighteen months, two years.

He came home, in nine cases out of ten, without ever having fired a shot in anger. He didn't come home and tell you about the big battles you read about in the paper because he never saw a battle. Sure, he was on Makin and Kwajalein, but he was fixing airplane engines, not fighting Japs. Except for a few bombings and left-over snipers, his life wasn't dangerous; it was monotonous and enervating.

Does the relative security compensate for the lack of excitement? For an answer, we recall the time the Guam invasion convoy put in at a Marshall Islands port. A couple of dozen aviation Marines sneaked aboard the troop transports and went on to fight the battle for Guam with the infantrymen. One was killed, several were wounded — but that's the way they felt about it. Their deed can't be condoned, but anyone who has put in some time out here will

understand their human reactions.

It is for the companions of these boys, for Mac who climbed the water-tower every day, for all the thousands of veterans of the rocks — Army, Navy and Marine — that this is written. It's not a gripe. It's written to tell about a phase of this global war that was never in the communiqués or the headlines and will never be in the history books. Yet it is a phase which comprised the bulk of the war experience of many men in uniform.

Don't sell those boys short. Maybe

they didn't fly fifty missions over Germany or hit the beach with an assault wave at Saipan. But neither did they get a weekend pass to London, or rest camp in Honolulu or Auckland. They just sat out on a lorn little island and did their jobs and acquired a permanent squint from the sunglare and maybe fell into a curious apathetic, vague, light-headed condition known as being "rock-happy."

They don't give a battle star for sweating out the battle of the rocks. But, brother, it wasn't easy.



Criticism —

The worst thing you can do to an author is to be silent as to his works. An assault upon a town is a bad thing, but starving it is still worse; an assault may be unsuccessful, you may have more men killed than you kill, but if you starve the town you are sure of victory.

— SAMUEL JOHNSON

I have always very much despised the artificial canons of criticism. When I have read a work in prose or poetry, or seen a painting, a statue, etc., I have only asked myself whether it gives me pleasure, whether it is animating, interesting, attaching? If it is, it is good for these reasons.

— THOMAS JEFFERSON

The ultimate end of criticism is much more to establish the principles of writing than to furnish rules how to pass judgment on what has been written by others; if indeed it were possible for the two to be separated.

— SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE

PO' LIL ANGEL WAS CRACKED IN THE HEAD

BY JULIAN LEE RAYFORD

THE story I goin' to recitate right now, hit is about a certain angel he were cracked in the head. I mean he were crazy, he really were.

A man lived in Heaven, in the capital city of Zion-town, and he were a angel, he sho' was, but he were crazy, yes he were, he were cracked in the head. Not hardly nobody knowed it though, in fact not nobody atall, cause in spite of he didn' have but only enough brains to not go barefeets in a blackberry patch, he were just slick enough to get by so as people not catch on, yes suh, that fella he fool everbody good and proper.

Him comin' up to the Lawd God one day, and he say one day to the Lawd God, him say, Lawd, I done invent a angel! You what? I invent a angel! But I got all the angels I need. You is? Yes I is! And this crazy he say, But that ain't so, Lawd, cause here is the very first angel, and I done invent it myself. And then, I be dad burn if he didn't out with a corn cob, it was a corn cob all wropped up in newspapers and scraps of calico. So he say, There now! That's a real angelicsy angel! Lawd he say, Is that you' angel? Sho' is! Heaven needs a few angels like these here. And Lawd God unto heself he say, I never

before realize hit but this po' chile he crazy, he cracked in the head like a broken egg. So Lawd he say, he say Looka here, Butterfish, (cause I want you to know that were that po' chile's name, it were Butterfish) Lawd say, Looka here, Butterfish, you bresh up on that angel a yourn. Do he need hands? Now Butterfish, you just know he need hands, and do he need feets? You know he need feets, Butterfish. You show me that angel again tomorrow. And po' crazy Butterfish, he say, Alright, Lawd, I gon' do that. But will you lend me a nickel, Lawd, so's I can go ahead and take out the copyright?

And after that, ever time Lawd God see Butterfish, why, po' crazy he done got a new invention. But not nobody know hit though, because my Lawd he never gossip about nobody, but one day po' Butterfish he put he foot in the bucket. The Zion City Council hit were magnifyin' the great question: Who is to arise and go whither, when in come old crazy Butterfish, po' lil ol' angel chile he cracked in the head. He shout right out, he shout, Good morning, bright and early risers, how y'all is today? I done brang y'all a new invention!

Chairman in that committee, he

say, Wherefore you disrupt the vast dignity of we Zion City Council when us councilate? We is already done got in Zion ever single invention that ever will be needed from hither to yon, praise God! What is you lil old fompy invention, nincompoop?

He say, crazy chile he say, I have invent a knife, a fork, a spoon, a plate and a cup and saucer, so as you folks can eat like civilize people.

Ooh! that chairman he gitten so hot! He just bellow, boom, rave at that angel Butterfish, he say, My goodness, gracious a life times, boy! Us done had all them things for years and years before you was even born: and here you come break up our meetin' like you done invent the Lawd heself!

I did invent the Lawd, you just ast him!

So they ain't got airy sense a humorous like my Lawd God, they spout, You old bug-eyed-ape, you ain't got the sense God given a bed-bug, you loony headed lunatic!

AFTER that, well, after that, why, A po' crazy, he taken to settin' in dark corners mumblin' jibber-jibber to heself, ever once in awhile sayin', I has just invent a lion and a tiger and a elephant, and tomorrow I gon' invent a real doughnut, and then I gonna invent me a doughnut hole that I run right in through the middle of that doughnut. There, Mista Butterfish, ain't Butterfish somewhat smart, so to speak?

Well, you know, that po' Butter-

fish, that po' boy, he never knowed that he crazy before, but after that he done talk to that Zion-town City Council, why, then, he know he really crazy sho' 'nough. Yes, he do! He just set in dark corners and jibber-jibber to heself, and he was afraid o' people. Didn' run out to meet my Lawd no more.

Didn' offer my Lawd no more inventions. And it just broke my Lawd's heart.

And you cain' fool my Lawd, no suh! My Lawd, he knows what done happen, yes, he did.

And my Lawd, he went to that City Council meetin', and my Lawd he stood up before that meetin' and he said, You know, the' is some strange people in the world, and up here in Heaven, too! Now, because you politicians is been so smart, you done let a harmless crazy chile know he was crazy.

I knowed it, but I never said nothin' about it. And that po' Butterfish, he never would a knowed he crazy onless you told him so. Now, I gon' have to build a lunatic asylum and git ready to take care of crazy people. Wouldn't a been no trouble atall if you politicians hadn't a told Butterfish he crazy. And I'm tellin' you right now, and you can mark my words . . . the next time the City Council tell air one o' my chillun he crazy, why, I gon' put all you politicians in the bug-house, too, cause that where most of you belong in the first place!

And then, my Lawd, he went away, and he no sooner turn he back

than them City Councillors say, Well,
I tell you what, maybe the Lawd he
might know what he talkin' about,
cause when it come to puttin' that
Butterfish in the crazy house, I agree.

But puttin' respectable hard-workin'
politicians in the bughouse, why, I
think that goin' too fur . . . maybe we
better think about the Lawd, as well as
Butterfish!



TO A WOMAN APPROACHING MIDDLE AGE

BY CHARLES ANGOFF

You are more lovely
Than early autumn sky,
Warm, soft, and holy
As the summer wind's sigh.

You are joyous calm,
Full, sure, and unending,
Rich with the sweet balm
Of life's deepest meaning.

You bear the gladness
Of every age and time;
Earth's every sadness
You guard and make sublime.

You are gentle, strong,
Creation's majesty,
Glowing with the song
Of all eternity.

THE LIBRARY

Sinclair Lewis

By PHILIP WYLIE

SINCLAIR LEWIS's new novel¹ does not yield itself to analytical comment. It was a magazine serial before it was a book. And since no means exist by which even the author can be certain that he did (or did not) shape his work in some degree to the requirements of that mythical readership known as a magazine audience, the critical observer is necessarily restricted to guesses.

The foregoing is not intended as an indictment of Mr. Lewis himself or of Mr. Lewis as a writer. And there is no question of his integrity, or his perception, or his brilliance in photographing all that is non-photogenic in America. He has enlivened and enlightened human existence in this nation for a quarter of a century and, in *Cass Timberlane*, he still displays reel after reel of new film in the old technique. It fascinates because it is so repulsive and so familiar.

By way of *Main Street*, *Babbitt*,

Dodsworth, *Elmer Gantry*, *Arrowsmith*, *It Can't Happen Here* and other works, Mr. Lewis has conned millions into the valuable business of realizing that their neighbors are bastards and of suspecting that they themselves are a little queer. Such is the first step, psychologically, toward the truer and better life. Wherefore Mr. Lewis's contribution to the public weal in these twenty-five years may be regarded as of the same order of magnitude as that accomplished by an entire religious sect, or several, or possibly all of them put together and more goodly institutions besides.

Cass Timberlane contains new doctrines; if it sometimes seems dull, that is because of the familiarity of the Lewis processes and, even more, because of the fancy architecture of this novel—or serial. In one particular way it is far from dull. *Cass Timberlane* is *Main Street* revisited after a quarter of a century of progress. Even the plot is the same.

In *Main Street*, a very young, lithe,

¹ *Cass Timberlane*, by Sinclair Lewis. \$2.75. Random House.

brunette named Carol was gradually wooed and married by a much older, sane-and-solid Midwestern doctor. She went with him to Gopher Prairie to be his wife. She saw Gopher Prairie as it was — a villainous, ugly, conceited and ignorant community of humbugs whose principal high purposes were the making of money and the enjoyment of sexual pleasures through infidelity. Carol — who became “Carrie” as soon as the banal merchants and their termagant wives had known her for fifteen minutes — was a girl of some culture and considerable social hope. She undertook to bring to Gopher Prairie at least a faint awareness of art and general decency. But her attitudes were suspect from the beginning and her empirical activities produced unlimited quantities of ridicule and hatred. Illness, and her husband’s demeanor in the face of it, helped for a while to maintain an inward morale in the marriage. Finally, however, Carol fled Main Street for the East. In the Maritime Provinces she learned that people with enlarged social and aesthetic concepts nevertheless also have low motives and that they lack affection and friendliness. Her doctor husband came East, re-wooed her, and brought her back — a woman resigned to his dominance, to Gopher Prairie and to her own failure, but who projected her old hopes upon her two young children.

That, except for the dominance and the children, is, *word for word*, the complete plot of *Cass Timberlane*. For

Carol, read lithe, brunette Jinny, or Jim. For doctor, read a two-decade-older judge. For Gopher Prairie, read Grand Republic. No further changes in the script are necessary save those brought about by time. Grand Republic is bigger — eighty thousand people; the characters with whom Mr. Lewis is concerned have five-figure instead of four-figure incomes now. But they are the same vomitous Babbitts known to Lewis, to you, and to most of civilized humanity — the upper middle-class and rich section of what Mencken (who used to run interference for Lewis in the ’twenties) dignified with the term, “American booboisie.” I say “dignified,” because to call them by as innocuous a word as “boob” is to elevate them above their true station.

II

The difference between *Main Street* and *Cass Timberlane* is to be found not in the background, or the background characters, or even in the backgrounds of the stalwart judge and his youthful bride. The difference is not to be found in the hero’s acceptance, and the heroine’s repudiation, of a society of loud, money-eating ignoramuses. The difference lies in the relations of man and wife in the two stories.

The Gopher Prairie doctor, twenty-five years ago, confidently dominated his wife. Because he loved her, in his rough, uncouth, unfeeling, middle-class, Midwestern way, he gave her plenty of freedom. But, at the end,

he brought her back home and you knew that until they both died, he would be the boss and Carol would be the yielding wife.

Lewis's contemporary prototype of the doctor, Cass Timberlane, follows his career of love and marriage to an opposite ending. Indeed, Cass is never certain of himself with Jinny. He defers. He pursues her nervously. He is perennially shattered by jealousy of the twenty-one-year-old youngsters who are her normal associates. He is afraid of every man with whom she has a cocktail. His clinging-vine behavior after marriage is not the product of love and admiration, but the negative result of his dread of her capacity to make him suffer. When, at the last, he gets her back to their Grand Republic home, it is he who has made of himself the obedient one, the rapt servant, the idolater ready and eager for every hard sacrifice.

The girl — master of a man whom she has neither the wish nor the motive to master and a resigned prisoner of Grand Republic — resolves like a child in church to be a nicer person. But the very sound of her resolution leaves the reader with the inner conviction that she will forever be the boss of the judge and all his works. In other words, Mr. Lewis presents here a triumph of adult infantilism and decrees that such is the condition of true love in marriage: man exists to be woman's psychological varlet.

Yet, throughout this book, Mr. Lewis repeats that too many American men are terrified of their wives

and that such fear is shabby and destructive. Why, then, does he write a story of the emotional servitude of a male? Why does he contrive a "happy ending" out of a silly woman's unintentional victimization of her husband — a husband's acceptance of inward cravenness?

Here is where the analytical commentator is unable to make a proper — even a necessary — determination. But there are three possibilities.

It may be that Mr. Lewis himself is the unwitting victim of America's matriarchal complex. He may be able to see all the fierce flaws of the land except the one that involves the relations of American men and women. There, he may be as conventional in his thinking as Babbitt. He may really believe that passionate love of woman involves male abandonment of dignity, integrity, emotional balance and honor. I doubt that. Again, Mr. Lewis may simply be cynical here. He may have written *Cass Timberlane* to magazine specifications. But, as a writer more familiar with the technique of serial writing than with the proper tenets of literary criticism, I doubt that, also. I doubt that a magazine made it necessary for Mr. Lewis to blow, over the bitter music of his regular symphony, a sweet and sappy story of two lovers — leading to the "happy" finale of old-style slick fiction. Magazines are no longer so adolescent. They will publish novels, these days, which tell the truth about female witchery.

No. It is in the third possibility that

I rest my guess. The possibility that *Cass Timberlane* is the most sinister of all the Lewis books. If I am right, its subtlety is equal to its sting. If I am right, the author who has be-headed so many hypocrites and liars, who has shouted out the defilement of so many villages and cities, and who has nailed the right names on such a variety of institutions and faiths, is now using a delicate and quieter in-

strument to make a lethal hole in America's love myth. For, in the "happy" ending of *Cass Timberlane* — by the author's own definitions — the couple is not glorified but doomed. Doomed to more suspicion and frustration, despair and detestation, disapproval and misunderstanding, quarrel and provocation, niggling and gnawing and cross-chopping and bile and meanness and folly.



THE FUGITIVE

BY SYDNEY KING RUSSELL

IN A perilous hour the heart, a frightened fawn,
Looks for escape where there is none to find,
Into the formless dusk, the pitiless dawn
The heart retreats, alone and unresigned.

It cries its sorrow to the budding leaf,
The young rose listens, and the daffodil.
The heart laments its loneliness. Its grief
Wakens the valley, stirs the listless hill.

Shadowed by sadness and the shape of dread,
Its music jangled in the shaken breast,
In a dark hour the heart uncomforted
Troubles the sea and sky, and finds no rest.

THE OPEN FORUM

IS THERE A JEFFERSON ON THE HORIZON?

SIR: After reading in last month's issue, "Is There a Jefferson on the Horizon?" by the late President Roosevelt, I was reminded of the confusion existing over the philosophies of Hamilton and Jefferson in the two major political parties of the United States. It is ironic that although the Republican Party regards Hamilton as its philosopher, it does not dare use his words in a national campaign, but instead quotes Jefferson. The Democratic Party seemingly is on safer ground in re-stating Jefferson's ideals, but a reading of Jefferson's work shows that it too disregards historic facts.

The Republicans claim to be followers of Hamilton, yet they would not dare repeat his beliefs. "Take mankind as they are, and what are they governed by? Their passions. . . . One great error is that we suppose mankind to be more honest than they are." "The voice of the people has been said to be the voice of God; and however generally this maxim has been quoted and believed, it is not true to fact. The people are turbulent and changing; they seldom judge right or determine right." "The People, your People, Sir, is a great Beast." That was Hamilton, the man who devoted his powers to the development of a strong central government — government by the wealthy. To accomplish this end, Hamilton encouraged manufacturing, fought for the national bank and a protective tariff. America today is primarily Hamilton's America — a vast industrial nation with the Federal government encroaching on states' rights and assuming powers over the individual not unlike the Church of the Middle Ages.

The Republican Party agrees with Hamilton in granting special privileges to its supporters and believes in his political and economic philosophy, but then it paraphrases Jefferson in preaching the wisdom and greatness of the people!

Then we have the Democrats, who quote Jefferson during every campaign. Jefferson, it will be remembered, dreaded the creation of a strong central government and a judiciary which was not elected. His ideal was "a wise and frugal government." The Democrats, however, have established the greatest bureaucracy in American

history, while the Republicans call, as did Jefferson, for "a wise and frugal government." The same party, in following Jefferson's beliefs, holds that everyone should have an equal share in government, and then turn to Hamilton and grant special privileges!

Each year the programs of the major political parties become more alike. In fact, if it were not for the presence of banners displaying the elephant and the donkey at rallies, one would not know from which party the harangue was coming.

JOHN CARBONE

Rochester, N. Y.

SIR: That was a nasty dig Roosevelt gave *The Conqueror* in the September number of *THE MERCURY*. But that hasn't mattered; what is unforgivable is his attempt to make Hamilton ridiculous by calling him fat and pompous. That was a downright lie. I read 200 books while writing *The Conqueror* and not even his enemies ever dragged in the word "pompous." I also talked with three of his grandsons, and all agreed that, always delicate, he was so exhausted that he would have died prematurely anyhow, if Burr had not given him the proper dramatic exit.

There is also a significant point carefully ignored by our late President while exalting Jefferson and belittling his great rival: Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence, which asserts that all men are born equal, on his Virginia plantation surrounded by slaves. Hamilton never would own a slave. What blacks he employed, he paid.

In his final paragraph Roosevelt, while lamenting, by inference, that we have no Jefferson, remarks, "Hamiltons we have today." Where are they?

GERTRUDE ATHERTON

San Francisco, Calif.

THE MEANEST JOB

SIR: Joseph Fulling Fishman's article, "The Meanest Job in the World," in the September issue of *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*, struck a responsive chord in those who, like myself, literally

live by the sword as a primary occupational hazard.

The constant threat of physical violence for the reasons enumerated by Mr. Fishman, in itself underscores a condition recognized less by the state it would seem, than by the public at large, whose knowledge of such matters is at best purely academic. By this, I mean the inadequate compensatory value placed upon us who are convenient targets for every homicidally-inclined psychopath in prison. And to those of us who, like myself, have large families — six growing children in mine — it is an additional mental hazard that our loved ones have little assurance from day to day that Daddy will return for supper, or that tomorrow's supper will be reasonably ample.

But since this was implicit in our choice of employment, we with "the meanest job in the world" ask neither public pity nor official commendation but only such financial assurance as will free our hearts and minds of fear for the future security of our family.

"The Meanest Job in the World" holds more peril and personal tragedy than Mr. Fishman portrayed in his excellent article.

JOHN BLANEY

Secretary, *Mass. State Prison Employees Union*
Charlestown, Mass.

WHY VETERANS ARE BITTER

SIR: I disagree with Willard Waller's article, "Why Veterans Are Bitter," in your August issue. It is probably true that many veterans feel as Professor Waller suggests and for the reasons given, but an important cause of bitterness has been overlooked entirely in this article. As a serviceman with three years in the Navy — two on combat duty — I must take issue with the Professor.

Every serviceman with whom I have had occasion to speak, and they are many, possesses far less bitterness over the unpatriotic activities of civilians at home than over the discriminations that exist in the military services. It is far less important to servicemen that civilians are enjoying themselves while the former fight than that they themselves are forced to accept the kind of treatment which is the basis of military life. That it is essential to have such discrimination to maintain discipline is not the objection, though it is a debatable point. What is resented is the accumulative results of special privilege.

All are equal under battle conditions, and the closer one is to those conditions, the more obvious this becomes. But away from the front the

serviceman finds himself continuously irritated by a kind of *Jim Crow treatment* and by having access to those things which are available only after his superiors have been abundantly provided for. The enlisted man feels they are no more deserving than his lowest-rated buddies. It is not the larger issues but the day-to-day irritations and resentments resulting from discriminations and special privilege that are annoying. One must be a part of this picture to appreciate it, and I have yet to meet an American serviceman who does not dislike the system — even regulars resent it. They are proud, yes, to serve their country but deeply resent the means allowed them.

It seems to me a good thing if people at home will understand this. If a veteran can feel he has been freed from the arbitrary power of others over his person and is able to stand on his own feet as a free American, then you can expect the veteran to become a well-adjusted part of the society he has fought for.

W. J. P., USNR

San Francisco, Calif.

SIR: I read with interest "Why Veterans Are Bitter" by Willard Waller in the August *MERCURY*. On the whole, Professor Waller propounds some very good ideas, but I think he has overlooked one very important aspect of the veteran situation: the fact that the average civilian has taken this war very seriously and, while civilians haven't had the chance to offer the supreme sacrifice, most of them have suffered in one way or another — and by one way or another I don't mean from the shortage of sugar or meat.

The returning veteran will undoubtedly be bitter. He has every reason in the world to be. But in justice to most civilians I think someone ought to write an article to servicemen explaining why civilians are bitter. Someone should explain why, when the veterans come marching home, some mothers and fathers will stand on the sidewalk and ask: "Why did it have to be our son?" Someone should tell of the courage of the mother whose five sons were killed in action, of the mother with three lovely children who has to face the task of bringing them up — alone. Someone should write an article telling of the men who gave time, money and brains in order that the veterans might continue to fight. The civilian celebrated V-E Day not with the selfishness that Professor Waller insists the veterans felt they did, but with the joy that no more boys in that theatre would have to give up their lives. V-J Day was celebrated with thanksgiving because it meant all the boys would soon be safe.

It is true that civilians sometimes pull unfor-
givable boners in the eyes of servicemen. They
ask questions that should never be asked, and say
things that never should be said. But they think
they are being kind.

The returning veteran can't think that his is
the only problem; civilians are having a bad time,
too. Veterans are going to have a tough time, to
be sure. They have sacrificed much and have
offered their lives. In certain ways those who
return are being treated very poorly. We are
offering too little although we know we can never
repay them for what they have done. However,
they will never make things right themselves, or
help us to make them right, if they choose to be
bitter about the matter. Only by veteran and
civilian forgetting themselves long enough to
try to understand each other, will the prob-
lems of either be solved.

MARILYN R. MILLER

Waterbury, Conn.

VIEWING THE CLASSICS

SIR: I wish to express my appreciation for
John D. Hill's enlightening article, "A Business
Man Views the Classics," in the August *MERCURY*.
I read it thoroughly several times, each time be-
coming more interested and enthusiastic.

I paid a visit to the local library, as Mr. Hill
suggested, and am now started on a most profit-
able adventure. I have given several "pep talks"
to my friends about the article and find many
others just as interested as I am. Until they read
Mr. Hill's article, they didn't know how to start,
either. Thank you very much.

ELIZABETH NICHOLSON

Hermosa Beach, Calif.

BACKACHE

SIR: With so many women and former office
workers engaged in war work, Aiken Welch's
article, "What Doctors Know About Backache,"
in the August issue of *THE MERCURY* was es-
pecially timely. Mrs. Welch is to be congratu-
lated on the comprehensive manner in which she
handled her material and the accuracy of her re-
porting. However, her reference to osteopathy is
likely to leave an entirely erroneous impression in
the minds of lay readers. I quote from her article:
"Numerous physicians frown on osteopathy.
Others claim it can be beneficial to backache,
provided again that there are no serious anatomi-
cal or systemic disturbances beyond the skill or

training of the osteopath to detect." Thus, by
implication, the reader would assume that the
osteopathic physician is: (a) one who treats
merely ailments of the back, (b) that his training
is inadequate either to diagnose or treat "serious
anatomical or systemic disturbances."

As an osteopathic physician, I am accordingly
a member of a minority group of the healing pro-
fession. I feel that the following information
should be made known.

The osteopathic physician today is required to
have two years of pre-medical training and four
years of professional studies. In most cases he also
serves for one year as a hospital intern. Most
states grant him a license to practise medicine
and surgery. In Missouri, for example, a survey
made in January 1945 reveals that 46.1 per cent of
the rural doctoring in that state is conducted by
osteopathic physicians.

My profession does not seek any special or
undeserved privileges, but it does hope that
those who write concerning it will present a more
complete picture of its scope and qualifications.

ARTHUR O. DUDLEY, D.O.

Pasadena, Calif.

TOM PAINE

SIR: The July issue of *THE MERCURY* shows a
regrettable anti-Christian tendency in W. E.
Woodward's article on the unfortunate Tom
Paine. I say unfortunate, because anyone with
such confused and shallow ideas on religion as
Tom Paine's deserves pity rather than censure.
Woodward's lengthy article is full of illogical
statements. Before taking up a few of them, I
would like to ask why he does not mention the
part Paine played in the French Revolution. Is
it perhaps because he could not convince even
the most credulous of the moral virtue of a
man who participated in the outrages of that
revolution and helped to overthrow Christianity
for the cult of the Goddess of Reason?

Mr. Woodward quotes from Paine's *Age of
Reason* as follows: "The true religion is Deism by
which I mean the belief in one God." God
commanded monotheism in the Ten Command-
ments, yet Paine does not believe in the Com-
mandments as he rejects the Bible. How then
does he know that there is only one God, unless
he has blind faith in his own personal revelations?
Yet Woodward proudly proclaims that "Paine
accepted absolutely nothing on faith."

Before wondering at such an obvious contra-
diction, we must consider the remarkable blind

spot in the thinking of the Deists, Rationalists and Materialists, or under whatever name the agnostics may parade. On the one hand, they reject divinely revealed religion because it can be understood only by faith plus reason although they accept evolution, the workings of modern science, Einstein's relativity theory, and other purely man-made premises, which they do not understand on faith alone. On the other hand, they show blind faith without reason in their conception of the Creator. Man would have every reason to abandon himself to deepest despair, were it not solely for the revealed word of God, which alone makes him understand the reasons for his sufferings.

Consequently, if we believe as Tom Paine did, we must believe blindly — with what little consolation we may derive from the fact that a few thinkers of often doubtful morality have provided a pseudo-philosophical attempt at justification for our belief. I, however, believe in what Mr. Woodward is pleased to call "the fables and myth of the Bible."

If we consider that some of the most moral men who ever lived, namely the Apostles, have given testimony for our faith and that men of the highest intelligence — to name only a very few, St. Augustine and St. Thomas, or, in our times, Jacques Maritain, Mortimer Adler and Karl Adam — are supplementing the faith by the most profound reasoning of which man is capable, then I wonder who believes in myth and fables. Thus, this conclusion is justified: whereas you need faith to be a Christian, you need credulity to be a Deist or an agnostic.

We are reaping now the fruits of the teachings of Tom Paine and his ilk. Totalitarianism and racial intolerance are the most glaring results of thinking along these lines because, without Christianity, the rights of man find no protection. The evil which Tom Paine did far surpasses his achievements for American Independence which would have been achieved had he never lived.

A. E. BRETTAUER

Carlton, Ore.

LEGION OF DECENCY

SIR: I like freedom of expression and honest criticism. THE AMERICAN MERCURY has printed many articles of this nature, some of which I did not agree with, but I respected opinions opposite to mine. However, this insidious and dishonest article by Russell Whelan on "The Legion of Decency" must have been an oversight on the

part of responsible editors. One of those sweet, inoffensive things — "We love everybody, of course." — it is beneath the standard set by THE MERCURY.

Any human organization as well as institution will have defects, but does the writer, Whelan, then want to go back to the wide open days, and let nature take its course as directed by *some* of the industry who neither understand nor respect moral law? The next step is for Whelan to suggest a substitute or admit he does not want one. One piece of dishonesty on his part is enough to damn the whole thing. Anybody who knows anything about *The Outlaw* knows it was the most stupendous, colossal, — to draw on the Hollywood vocabulary — joke that was ever filmed. If it had any possibilities whatever of paying for itself and not making a laughing stock out of the producers, it would have gone forth, Legion or no Legion, and everybody in-the-know knows this.

I know nothing of Whelan's connections or his motives — evidently not objective criticism — but MERCURY must take some responsibility for letting a thing of this sort get into its pages. Incidentally, I have disagreed in some (not many) cases of the application of the code to movies by the Legion Committee, but any man of intelligence must know this is bound to happen when imperfect mortals are concerned. What Democrat or Republican would stand behind everything his particular party does or approves? This point is too obvious to need publicity but evidently (if he is sincere) Whelan does not understand it.

JOHN F. QUINN, S.J.

St. Mary's Star of the Sea Church
Oceanside, Calif.

SIR: Russell Whelan's "Legion of Decency" in your June issue is a most disgusting article. The Legion is certainly an organization to be praised. People like Whelan refuse to recognize the beneficial results of the Legion's work because it is a Catholic organization. What if there were no such influencing agency? Could we go to theatres today and enjoy good clean pictures? Hardly! Unfortunately, there are people among us who resent the fact that filthy, indecent pictures are condemned to the public. Certainly anything that plays as important a part in our entertainment as the cinema should be of such a standard that Christians may approve and enjoy. Hooray for the Legion if it has gained the power of influencing products of the Hollywood industry. We need more such organizations.

AUGUSTINE BORSKI

Houston, Tex.



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(Continued from page 516)

Nations." There are many reproductions of cartoons, copious bibliographical notes and a detailed index.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN. LETTERS, edited by G. Selden-Goth. \$4.50. *Pantheon*. This is probably the best selection of the correspondence of the great German-Jewish romantic composer in the English language. The translations are excellent, and the occasional notes are brief but very useful. The editor points out the amazing fact that "we know of no love letter by Mendelssohn," and he is obliged also to point out that though the composer, in some respects, had a heart as large as the proverbial outdoors, "he was too absorbed in the shaping of his own life and career to bother about the fate of his fellow Jews." There are many excellent reproductions of photographs.

THE GERMAN RECORD, by William Ebenstein. \$3.00. *Farrar & Rinehart*. The author of *The Nazi State* has written here an important and profoundly depressing book, proving from the historical record that the German people lack the tradition and will for democracy. Pointing out that, apart from Japan, Germany is the only major country that has never had a successful democratic revolution, he predicts that "democracy will not develop in a defeated Germany in anything like the near future." He warns against a resumption of the "collective whining" of 1920 and also against any attempt on our part to impose "German Girauds and Darlans and Badoglios on Germany" in the vain hope that compromise will settle anything. A powerful argument for the indefinite occupation of Germany until a new generation has been educated to non-Nazi ways.

VIRGINIA WOOLF. HER ART AS A NOVELIST, by Joan Bennett. \$2.00. *Harcourt, Brace*. Mrs. Bennett has attempted no formal, critical essay upon the writings of the late Mrs. Woolf, but a running commentary upon her individual works with generous quotations from them. The result is easily the best informed introductory study of one of the most fascinating — and at

times, most puzzling — fiction writers of our time.

SMOULDERING FREEDOM, by Isabel de Palencia. \$3.00. *Longmans, Green*. At the conclusion of the recent Spanish Civil War, Mexico was the one democratic country to open its doors to political refugees. Among the 12,000 Republicans who took advantage of this invitation was Señora de Palencia, Minister to Sweden and Finland for Republican Spain. In this book, written as an autobiography of her nine years in exile, she tells the story not only of her own family, but of the struggles of the Spanish Republicans all over the world to keep the flame of Spanish liberalism alive until their country is able to throw off Franco's totalitarian yoke. Her account is an eloquent plea to the peoples of the United Nations to recognize the dangers inherent in present Spanish régime as the last remaining plague-spot of Fascism.

TOWN MEETING COUNTRY, by Clarence M. Webster. \$3.00. *Duell, Sloan & Pearce*. In this latest addition to the *American Folkways* series, Clarence Webster defines the "town meeting country" as that area lying two-thirds in Connecticut, the remainder stretching north into Massachusetts and east into Rhode Island. He believes this to be the region which best illustrates how the New England town came into being — how the need for an organized community life and freedom for the full play of Yankee individualism shaped the development and functions of the town from the days of the Puritans down to the present. Mr. Webster writes affectionately and with considerable knowledge of his subject. A minor but worthy contribution to regional history.

SPIES AND TRAITORS OF WORLD WAR II, by Kurt Singer. \$2.75. *Prentice-Hall*. During the recent war, Walter Wilhelm Canaris, head of the German Secret Service, and Laurenti Pavlovich Beria, chief of Russia's Secret police (NKVD, formerly OGPU) moved their men like pawns over the world's chess board in the game of hidden warfare at which both were past masters. These two are the chief figures in Mr. Singer's collection of factual stories of the espionage and counter-espionage of World War II. The locale ranges from Argentina to Greenland, North Africa to Sweden, India to Pearl Harbor, and from Europe to the United States. Some of the cases, such as "The Talking Dolls," which made headlines in American newspapers in 1943, are known to the public. For the most part, however, the incidents are new and exciting.



Mark Van Doren

Noted Poet and Critic

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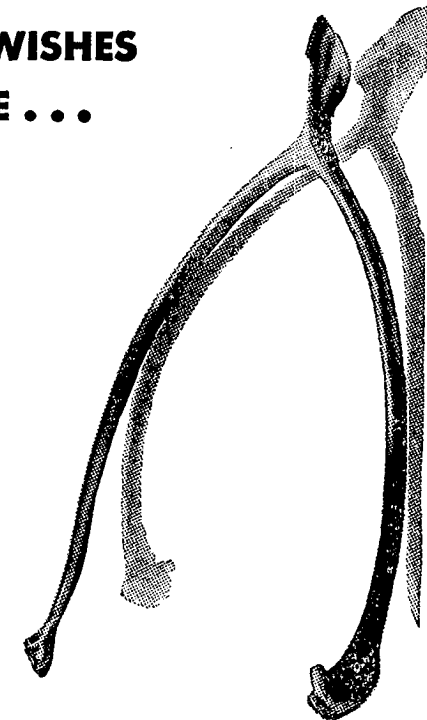
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